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ALONZO P. DE MILT.

THE
THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES
OF AN
AMERICAN WANDERER :

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE OF EVENTS

IN THE LIFE OF

ALONZO P. DEMILT.

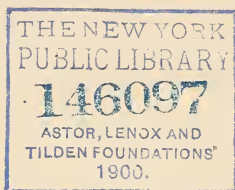
*Containing His Early Adventures among the Indians of Florida ; His
Life in the Gold Mines of California and Australia ; His Ex-
plorations of the Andes and the Amazon and its Tribu-
taries, etc., etc., Interspersed with*

SKETCHES AND NARRATIVES

*Illustrating Life, Manners, Customs and Scenery in Mexico, Central
America, Peru, Brazil, Australia, the South Sea Islands, and
the United States. With Numerous Engravings.*

BY FRANKLIN Y. FITCH.

NEW YORK :
JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,
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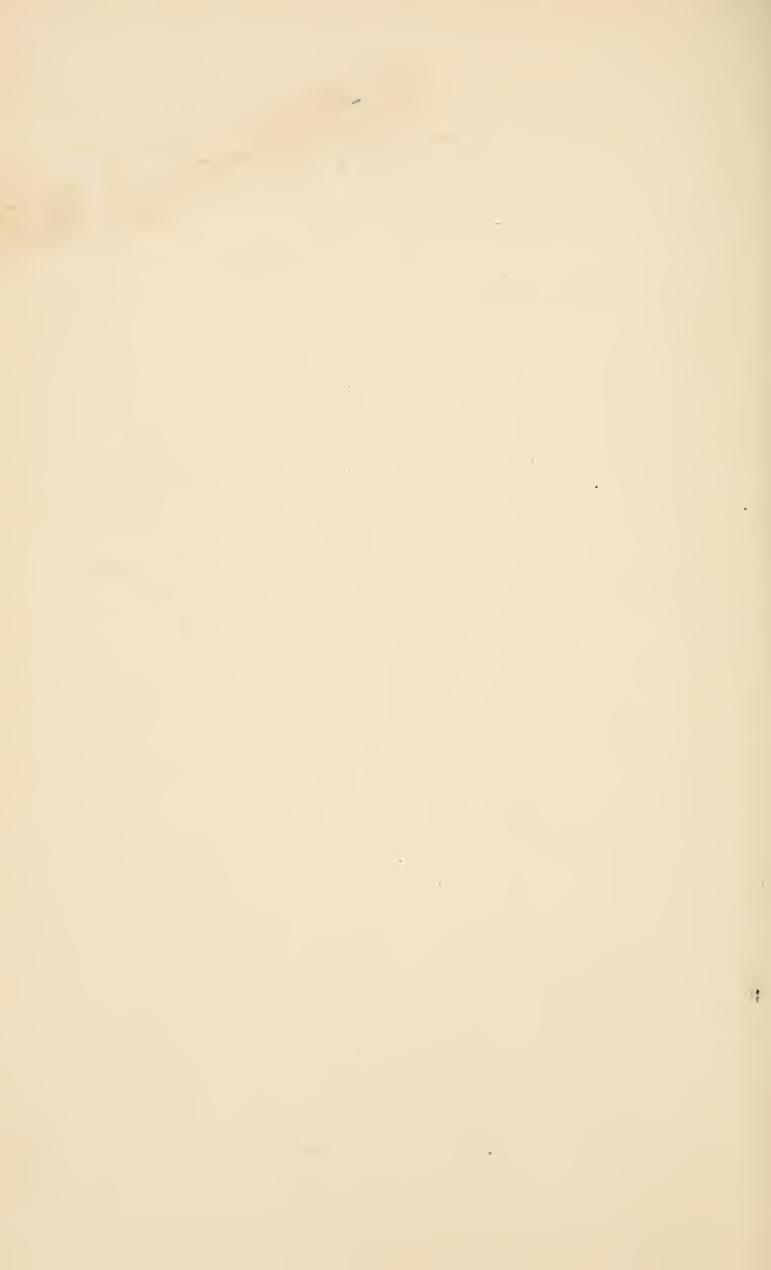
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TO THE MEMORY OF
CLARA L. DEMILT,
THE FAITHFUL WIFE AND LOVING MOTHER,
TO WHOSE EFFORTS IS MAINLY DUE THE
ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THIS TASK,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS
DEDICATED, BY
THE WANDERER.

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PREFACE.

MANY delays and annoyances, of a more or less serious character—arising from the necessary absence of the books, papers, and other sources of information, which are always at one's disposal in the larger cities—have accompanied the task of composition in the preparation of this little volume for the press.

The wonderfully retentive memory of Col. DeMilt has been almost my sole reliance in the matter of the dates, facts and incidents connected with his story; with the assistance, however, of a number of letters written by him at different points to friends at home, and which have now been kindly returned to him, temporarily, at his request. The fact of our task having been prosecuted and accomplished at this place, within a few miles of where his adventures began, has, without doubt, materially aided him in refreshing his memory, and assisted him in calling to mind incidents in his adventurous life, which had otherwise escaped him.

Looking out from the cool conservatory window of *The Wanderer's* winter residence, upon the woods, hills, and green slopes of Middle Florida, with the site of the old Spanish Fort of San Luis in full view, my task, with agreeable incidents and enjoyable surroundings, has been a particularly pleasant one; although the fact that I have seen, and am familiar, from personal observation, with many of the localities mentioned by De Milt, constitutes, perhaps, my only claim to any particular fitness for it.

THE AUTHOR.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., June 22d, 1883.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume, as its title purports, is simply a record of the ramblings and adventures of a young and very adventurous American, who, commencing at the age of nine years, makes a bold midnight escape from the lighthouse keeper of St. Marks, Fla., with whom he had been left an orphan, roams around with soldiers and Indians, figures as a boy gold-hunter in California and Australia, crosses the Andes of South America, paddles down the Amazon, 5,000 miles, in a dug-out, doubles Cape Horn, takes photographs in New Grenada, eats poi with the Hawaiians, clams with the Patagonians, contends with bad men, and makes love to pretty girls—a narrative of facts in a remarkable life.

The fact that the travels of this adventurous young man, his escapades, love-scrapes, etc., were mainly confined to the American or Western hemisphere, is one which, in the judgment of the author, will neither detract from the interest or diminish the value of this book. In the wholesale buying, reading, and writing of non-American books, we work over a territory which has already been well worked out, and leave the rich soil of our own fields uncultivated. No country, in my judgment, offers a more attractive or remarkable field to the poet or novelist than that offered by tropical America.

In no part of the earth's surface, in the first place, has day ever dawned upon such a series of wonderful events and wonderful men, on such a scene of romance, on such instances of human endurance, courage, sacrifice and suffering. The terrible iniquities of Cortez and Pizarro, the adventures of Balboa, Morgan, the buccaneer, Lussan,—even the career of the men who projected and built the Panama Railroad—whose every cross-tie marks a human grave—their history and their times, individually or collectively, stand without parallel. With its wealth of bright senoras and brave cavaliers, with its ten thousand wonderful legends of battles, sieges, pestilences, conquests; its old-time troops of hardy buccaneers, who preyed upon the gold-laden galleons in the Spanish main and divided the spoils in caves where eternal summer smiled, tropical America from the Rio Grande to the Amazon, would tell, could it speak, in dark glade, broad savanna, and purpling sea, a wonderful, wonderful tale.

One of the most pleasing occurrences in the life of Col. De Milt, was his meeting in after life with ex-Gov. David S. Walker, of Tallahassee, Fla., a gentleman of the best school of the best stock, and first cousin of Phil. M. Barbour, DeMilt's earliest protector and friend. In his early youth, and while accompanying Lieut. Barbour to the Florida capital, where citizen and soldier mingled in the gayeties of the time, DeMilt had often seen Gov. Walker, and the memory of many long-forgotten incidents was revived by this—a meeting of importance, and a source of unfeigned pleasure to the *Wanderer*.

THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES
OF AN
AMERICAN WANDERER.

CHAPTER I.

Birth, parentage and eventful childhood of the Wanderer
—Baron Henry Pierre DeMilt—Removal to Florida—
—Yellow fever—Our hero left an orphan—The tavern-keeper—The lighthouse of St. Marks—Escape from the light-keeper and entrance on a wandering life.

ALONZO PIERRE DEMILT, the hero of these pages, and whose life from childhood, as will be seen, was such a varied and remarkable one, was born in New York City on the third day of September, 1831. On both his father's and mother's side, the ancestral record of the family runs back to the earliest days of settlement of New Amsterdam by Huguenot and Knickerbocker, and is also traced to Baron Henry

Pierre DeMilt, of Normandy, France. Antoine DeMilt, son of the Baron, was a Huguenot, and sailed to America in the ship *New Netherland* in the year 1623 with his friend *Jasen de Rapelje*. Antione settled on Long Island, bought land, and engaged himself in politics. He was elected schout fiscal in 1674, and died shortly after, leaving two sons. One of these sons, Pierre by name, was the great grandfather of the hero of this volume. Peter Delanoy, of the maternal branch, was a native of Holland, a successful man in politics and trade, and mayor of New York in 1689.

The families of DeMilt and Delanoy were united about the year 1815 by the marriage of Daniel DeMilt and Sarah Delanoy. This marriage was opposed by the relations of DeMilt with some vigor, but was nevertheless consummated, and proved a happy match in every respect. The result of this union was the birth of four children, Alonzo, Henry, Elizabeth and Frances. Henry died in his second year.

For reasons which were never clearly understood by Alonzo, his parents in the year 1839 removed to Florida, and settled at Port Leon,



near the gulf coast, and twenty-eight or thirty miles from the capital. Port Leon, at that time, was a thriving cotton market, and a town of promise, but was entirely swept away by a tornado in 1842 or 1843, and was never rebuilt. Scarcely a vestige of it now exists. During the second year of the DeMilts' residence at Port Leon, the place was scourged by a terrible yellow fever epidemic. Daniel DeMilt and his wife Sarah were among the first to be seized, and among the first to die of the terrible plague. Little Frances soon followed her parents to the grave, and Alonzo, whom fate seemed thus early to have marked out for a wanderer, and his sister Elizabeth, a mere infant, were left destitute and friendless—orphans in the hands of strangers, with their only natural protectors sleeping beneath the green sod of the old graveyard.

In old Port Leon, just across the street from the house in which perished the parents of Alonzo, was a sailors' tavern, kept by a bluff character by the name of Densmore. Densmore had naturally seen and heard much of our little hero, a robust, active and intelligent lad, and seemed to have formed an attachment for

him. Be that as it may, however, on the death of Alonzo's parents, Densmore volunteered to take charge of the lad, took him into his house, and treated him with consideration for some time. Densmore's place contained a bar, where liquors were dispensed to the thirsty jack-tars of Port Leon, and Alonzo soon discovered that it was Densmore's intention to make a lackey, bar-keeper, and general drudge of him, and resolved to depart from the place forthwith, casting about for an opportunity to do so, which fortune soon furnished him.

In the course of his stay at this tavern, or sailors, snug harbor, Alonzo had formed the acquaintance of a sturdy, kind-hearted pilot, of the name of David Kennedy, who at that time was acting as keeper of the lighthouse of St. Marks, a few miles distant. Kennedy was in the habit of dropping into the tavern occasionally, and was quite an *habitué* of the place, and was attracted towards young Alonzo. A confidential friendship was soon established between the bluff pilot and the young orphan lad, and Alonzo soon communicated to his friend his resolve to leave. Kennedy promised to aid him

to any extent in his power, and finally proposed that young Alonzo accompany him to the lighthouse, and make his home there, promising him kind friends and good treatment. Alonzo accepted this offer on the spot. Alonzo was instructed to stow himself away in Kennedy's little pilot boat, bound down the river, as it was known that Densmore's consent to the lad's departure could not be obtained. The plan was successfully carried out. On a dark night, when there was no moon, the lad slipped away from Densmore, boarded the boat, secreted himself behind some old cordage and sails, and was soon outward bound, slipping safely past the fleet at Spanish Hole, with his childish curiosity wonderfully excited by the phosphorescence of the waters as they glided along.

The young adventurer was warmly welcomed at the lighthouse by Kennedy's wife and children, of whom there were four. Alonzo remained with his new-found benefactors for the space of three or four weeks, contented and happy. Elizabeth, his little sister, was in the meantime being cared for by a widow lady, Mrs. Spencer, of Port Leon. The orphans,

brother and sister, were thus parted in their infancy—each ignorant of the other's whereabouts, and only to meet again after months of separation, after the endurance of many trials, yet under remarkable and romantic circumstances. But of this more anon.

Now, at Fort Stansberry, a military post of the time of the Indian wars of Florida, about eighteen miles from the lighthouse, was stationed a young officer, Lieut. Phil M. Barbour, of Lexington, Ky., then acting adjutant of the Third Infantry Regiment, Col. Hitchcock commanding. Barbour had known the DeMilt family in New York, and since their removal to Florida had visited them at their home in Port Leon—calling upon them from time to time as business or his duties called him to the neighborhood. He was at the fort at the time of the death of Mr. and Mrs. DeMilt, and ignorant of that event, and also of the departure of Alonzo and the separation of the children.

Alonzo got along very well in his new quarters at the lighthouse, for some weeks. The children were about his own age, and they were

all apparently on a footing of perfect equality eating, sleeping and playing marbles together, and sharing their childish pleasures and sorrows in common. Alonzo loved his little playmates, and their father, the pilot, but for some reason or other, did not become attracted towards Mrs. Kennedy, the light-keeper's wife, nor did the lady develop any special love for the boy. This led to a sense of discomfort on the part of Alonzo, and with a constant desire to join his relatives in New York, united to a rather restless disposition, even at that age, he was not long in determining to leave the lighthouse, and all connected with it. He recollected the kind young officer, Barbour; knew he was at Ft. Stansberry, and determined to find him, tell his story, and look to chance for the rest.

With wonderful foresight and prudence for a boy of that age, young Alonzo began to collect a supply of food for the journey, and determined to fill his marble-bag with bread and other eatables, saving from day to day as much as possible from the meals given to the children. He had confided to a negro boy Ben, who lived at the lighthouse, his intention to leave, and of

the manner in which he proposed to get together a supply of food. Ben was of great assistance to him in getting food, but the process was slow, and the quantity of biscuit which he managed to hide, from day to day, in his little marble-bag was small. Finally, without notice to any one, not even to his friend Ben, the negro, as the first ray of dawn crept o'er the waters of the gulf, Alonzo arose from the little bed upon which he had tossed restlessly all night, dressed hurriedly, and was gone. It is hardly probable, as the cool morning air struck fresh on the fevered brow of the adventurous lad, that he realized the fact that he was starting on a career of travel and adventure that was not to cease for half a century, nor until he had traversed half the earth's surface.

Not a human being was in sight or stirring, when he cautiously stole from the light-keeper's house that morning. Barefooted, clad in a stout pair of trousers, and a hickory shirt, with an old straw hat on his head, and his little marble-bag full of biscuit in his little fist, the young wanderer set boldly out. Day had but fairly dawned when the old trail had carried the



SETTING OUT IN LIFE—LEAVING ST. MARK'S LIGHTHOUSE.

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boy to East River, which he was forced to cross on a log. This was his Rubicon. Here for the first and for the last time Alonzo's heart smote him, as he realized the importance of his act. He thought for a moment regretfully upon the step he had taken, of the friends he had left behind. An instant, and he was half way across the river. It was filled with leaping and frisking mullet, and Alonzo paused momentarily to watch them disporting themselves. The dangerous looking log bore the boy safely across East River, and he soon reached Port Leon, and the graveyard where rested the remains of his parents and sister. Here, just as the sun had fairly broke thro' mist and fog, and gilding the beach and waters, with uncovered head and choking with sobs, Alonzo bid a last long farewell to their graves. He never saw them again. Not a vestige of that old graveyard remained when in after years he fondly sought the last resting places of these loved ones.

Our hero was in constant dread of pursuit and recapture from the time of his start, both from the light-keeper and from Densmore,

through whose neighborhood he was now passing. After leaving Port Leon and St. Marks safely behind, however, he sat down upon the roadside, and feeling hungry, was proceeding to make the first attack upon his little store of biscuit, when he was accosted by an old darkey, to whom he confided the facts of his situation, and his story in full. The darkey kindly volunteered not only to put him on the right road, which the lad had already lost once or twice, but to accompany him all the way to the Fort.

CHAPTER II.

The Arrival at Fort Stansberry—Densmore's writ—The sutler-shop—Little Elizabeth—The Meeting—Rides and walks about the Fort—Alonzo attempts to steal his sister—Treating with the Seminoles at Cedar Keys—

UNDER the guidance of his faithful negro friend, the journey to Fort Stansberry was easily and safely accomplished by Alonzo, and without events worthy of mention. Information of his arrival was conveyed to the officer on duty, and an orderly on horseback sent by Lieut. Barbour to receive him. Lieut. Barbour's surprise, as may be imagined, was most profound at the sight of Alonzo, whom he had last seen in a happy home at Port Leon. A warm welcome was extended him, and the strange story of his eventful career subsequent to the death of

his parents, eagerly listened to. The kind officer, who was in total ignorance of the fate of the DeMilts, was moved by this pitiful tale of adventure and suffering in one so young, treated him with great kindness, and promised to convey him North at the earliest opportunity. This, however, in those early times of bad roads, and primitive conveyances, was a task of no small uncertainty, and our hero was requested, in the meantime, to make the best of their limited accommodations at the Fort, and await, with his best patience, the time for the removal north.

Densmore, who had first taken charge of our hero, and who was since ascertained to be a rather doubtful character, had, by some unaccountable means, become informed of our hero's whereabouts, hereupon sent a writ to the Fort demanding Alonzo peremptorily. Lieut. Barbour declined to honor the officer or his papers; Densmore was threatened with a term of days in the guardhouse, and warned, in no uncertain manner, to disappear permanently. This was done.

The sojourn at Stansberry was prolonged for some three or four months. Time hung, natu-

rally, rather heavily on the hands of a lad of the active disposition of our hero, and was varied by rides and walks about the grounds and parades of the encampment. On these trips he was accompanied always by an orderly at Lieut. Barbour's direction, and never allowed to stray outside the picket-guard save under the careful surveillance of an orderly or other officer, for fear of Densmore, whose henchmen were supposed to be lurking about, in hopes of seizing the lad, now in the hands of kind protectors.

On the occasion of one of the very first of these jaunts, and while riding with an orderly about the Fort, the couple had stopped at a small huckster's or sutler's shop where pie, cakes, and other edibles were furnished and sold the soldiers. This establishment was kept by a wrinkled old French dame, Mother Randall by name, a rather mysterious personage, who was held in a sort of awe by the troops from her stern visage and the persistency with which she enforced her claims for pecuniary arrearages, granted, in the manner of those establishments, until the next pay day.

Our hero and his protector, the officer, had

dismounted, and entered the Rabbé shop, and were making some trifling purchases of refreshments, and partaking, thereof, when the boyish attention of Alonzo was irresistibly attracted towards a child who was flitting about the shop — a bright-eyed, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired waif, who seemed no bigger than your thumb, but on whom our hero's eyes were rested with the greatest emotion. Over six months—and a six months replete with stirring events—had elapsed since he had seen his sister. An instant and the recognition was complete and mutual, and the orphans were sobbing in each other's arms. Bystanders, some of whom are living at this day, have pronounced this one of the most pathetic and interesting scenes, and a scene the memory of which will not lightly depart from them. Elizabeth, left in the charge of Mrs. Spencer, had, on the approaching marriage of that estimable lady, been consigned to the care of the lady of the Rabbé shop, and was there waiting on the customers in her childlike way, and flitting about the premises, happy as the day is long.

The prolonged stay at the Fort fatigued our

indomitable young adventurer, and plans to depart were revolved daily in his mind. But his sister? He knew, naturally, that the matron of the sutler establishment would not give her up, and knew also that the consent of Lieut. Barbour to any wild goose-chase of this nature would be absolutely impossible to procure. Nothing dismayed, he plots to seize and steal the little Elizabeth, and decamp. He was permitted on each Sunday to pay a visit to her, and after perfecting, as he thought, the plans for this daring juvenile attempt at kidnapping, he stealthily visits the sutler-shop, entices the child a hundred yards or so distant, boldly seizes her in his arms, and attempts to leave the Fort with her.

This procedure had not escaped the sharp eyes of Mother Randall; her outcries speedily summoned assistance; the girl and boy are recaptured, and brought back crestfallen and disgraced. At this juncture of affairs events called Mother Randall far away from the Fort. She took Elizabeth with her; the orphans were parted again, and this time to remain separated for twenty-nine years.

Not long after this, the Third Regiment was ordered to Cedar Keys, Fla., at the mouth of the famed Suwannee River. Here Gen. Worth was met, with additional troops from Tampa; and a treaty with Tiger-tail, the Seminole, was framed, after protracted negotiations with the painted savages. And here, also, lashed to a palmetto tree, alongside of Gen. Worth, was our hero, who bore the brunt of a terrible hurricane, which devastated the surrounding territory, and swept away the commissariat stores. Some weeks were agreeably spent by young Alonzo, in sports with the young Seminoles, sharing their games, hunting, shooting birds with blow-guns, etc., and attracting the friendship and good-will of Gen. Worth, whose pet and protégé he became.

CHAPTER III.

Ordered to Apalachicola—Fort Gadsden—Last Treaty with Indians in Florida—Departure for New Orleans—Up the Mississippi River to St. Louis—Life at Jefferson Barracks—The Great American Samson—Barbour's Marriage—Outbreak of Mexican War—Farmer Saugrain—Life on the Farm—The California Gold Fever.

AT this juncture in our story, behold Alonzo, a sturdy boy of about twelve summers, who has already undergone privations, bereavements and adventures unparalleled, in the life of one so young, and the narration of which sounds more like the dream of a novelist than the recital of sober truth. His experiences, as such experiences generally do, exerted a beneficial effect on the youth. Of accommodating and pleasant manners, yet with a bright and indomitable energy and activity, he was already a great favorite with his associates, the officers and soldiers

who formed with him a friendship which was never broken.

A treaty with Tiger-tail had been framed at Cedar Keys, and, pending the negotiations for its ratification, the Third Regiment was ordered to Apalachicola, then a thriving mercantile town, which well held its own in rivalry with other Gulf Ports. From Apalachicola the command proceeded to Fort Gadsden, situate on the east bank of the Apalachicola River and some eighteen or twenty miles above the city of that name. At this post was framed and ratified the last treaty made with the Indians of Florida, in the year '42. After the accomplishment of this important task, and a stay of three or four months in Fort Gadsden, the regiment embarked in sailing-vessels for New Orleans.

It was while on a hunting excursion in the woods adjacent to Fort Gadsden that our hero had the good fortune to kill, partly by good luck and partly by his own nerve, his first deer, a fine animal. The circumstances of this successful hunt at once gave our hero an enviable status as one skilled in manly sports. It seems

that on one of the many hunting expeditions organized by the officers and soldiers of the garrison, our hero had begged, and was granted, permission to participate. He was stationed, on account of his youth and inexperience, at a tree near which it was never once dreamed the deer would pass. On the contrary, just after the game was started, he made directly towards the post of our hero. Bursting with excitement he calmed his nerves as best he could, took a quick aim, and fired. The deer fell stone dead in its tracks. Alonzo was the talk of the camp for some time.

Three or four days were occupied on the passage to New Orleans, at the expiration of which time the expedition landed at Balize, at the mouth of Pass L'Outre, and waited for the steam-tug to tow them up to the city. This was done and the little fleet rode at anchor in the middle of the river opposite Canal Street.

Some time was spent in New Orleans, and the impressions of the young Alonzo at his first sight of the beautiful Creole capital were novel and delightful. With its wonderful old churches, its parks, esplanades, and theatres, its antique

French Quarter and picturesque French market, and a thousand and one features of novelty and beauty, New Orleans is the most interesting city perhaps on the American continent. The day or two spent there were enjoyed intensely by our hero, and with amusement and profit combined.

Passage was taken by the command on the steamer Ben Franklin up the river to St. Louis. After the usual incidents of travel on the wonderful Mississippi the 1,200 miles were safely traversed, and St. Louis and Jefferson Barracks reached. Here, for the first time in his short life, Alonzo finds what may be termed a home, and here he passes a full year and more in quiet or in something considerably more like quiet than he has hitherto enjoyed. Lieut. Barbour assumes the responsible position of duly qualified guardian of the lad; and the foundation of his education is laid, for entrance at West Point, in study and instruction by the kind lieutenant and others. Of his career at this place I shall speak briefly. Swimming in summer, skating in winter, and equestrian exercises at all seasons, filled in the daily routine of his life at the Barracks. A celebrated athlete calling himself Auto-

mata, the American Samson, coming along, gave a series of exhibitions at the Barracks, and here Alonzo became familiar with a number of feats of physical strength which were afterwards of great value to him. The athlete took a liking to the lad for his agility and daring, and proposed on leaving that Alonzo should accompany him. That juvenile weakness which at some time in every boy's life fascinates him with the circus, and makes him long to adopt it as a profession, induced our hero to accept the athlete's proposition. He left the barracks surreptitiously one night and followed Automata to Veetbush, a French village some miles distant. Search was at once instituted by the officers, and our hero brought back, punished, and carefully admonished against any like attempts in future.

At this point Barbour who had been engaged for some time to a young lady, Miss Hopkins of Kentucky, joined her at Henderson, Ky., was married, and returned to the barracks with his bride. Alonzo was given the choice of remaining at the barracks with Lieut. and Mrs. Barbour or of going to his relatives in New York. He chose the former alternative, and remained

with them until the outbreak of the Mexican war. Lieut. Barbour was immediately ordered to the front, his wife preparing to return to Kentucky, until the war ended. It was impossible for Alonzo to accompany Barbour to Mexico nor did he desire to follow Mrs. Barbour to Kentucky.

Tossed to and fro like a feather, Alonzo again becomes the sport of fortune. A kind-hearted Frenchman, a farmer named Saugrain took charge of our wanderer until Barbour's return, as his son; and on the appointed day his wagon conveyed the lad to the farm after an affecting farewell to Lieut. Barbour and his wife.

Barbour was killed a few months afterwards, at the battle of Monterey, Mexico.

Our hero's life for four years, at the farm of Mr. Saugrain, was varied by nothing of particular interest. He toiled faithfully in summer, and acquired a thorough knowledge of farming and horticulture, and attended school in winter. Innumerable escapades of more or less seriousness, Christmas frolics, corn huskings, dances, love-scrapes, hunting, fishing, etc., are recorded in the annals of those years.

But the record of Alonzo's childhood experiences is at an end, and now, launched on the current of that wonderful tide which swept like a torrent to the land of gold, our adventurer begins life, a boy gold-hunter, seeking fresh adventures in the terrible quest for fortune among alkali deserts, Indians and desperadoes from every quarter of the globe.

CHAPTER IV.

The Boy Gold-Hunter—Organization of the Company—
From Kansas City to the Platte River—Buffalo—Dan-
gerous diving *en route* to the New Eldorado,—

DEMILT had lived pleasantly in the home of the worthy M. Saugrain; he was one of the family to all intents and purposes, had adopted the Catholic religion, which was the religion of the farmer and his forefathers, and might have remained there until this day, had not the terrible gold fever penetrated that quiet farm, as it penetrated every other locality, and found inflammable material, as it never failed to find. A young nephew of M. Saugrain, Clarke Kenely by name, was one of the first to be seized with the gold excitement: He proposed an immediate start, and would have it that Alonzo accompany him. Our hero, nothing loth, asked and obtained the consent of his guardian, and

was soon ready and equipped with guns, revolvers, bowie knives, blankets and provisions.

Capt. Jno. Radford, a blood relative of Clarke, of the Louis and Clarke expedition of 1803-4, had organized a company of gold-hunters in St. Louis, for an immediate start. This company was divided into messes of four; their rendezvous was at Kansas City, where a complete and formal organization was to be effected.

DeMilt, who cherished the warmest possible feelings towards Farmer Saugrain and his excellent wife, regarding them more in the light of parents than anything else, felt the most sincere regret at leaving their household, which had been his home for so many long and happy days. The wagon and horses, which were to carry him and his baggage from the farm to St. Louis, drove up to the door, however, one bright spring morning. All was in readiness for the start, and bidding his old friends a tearful and affectionate farewell, our hero with a stout heart sets forth.

Arriving at St. Louis he awaited, at his hotel on Third street, the departure of the Steamer for Independence.

The departure from St. Louis took place about the end of May, '49. The original company consisted of about sixty men, which number was afterwards increased to seventy-five or upwards. Radford was leader and captain of the expedition, his mess was composed of Radford, Phil Choteau, (of the famous St. Louis family of Choteaus) McKenzie, who generally drove the team; and Black Tom the cook. DeMilt's mess was composed of Clarke Kenely, Tom Broadwater, our hero, and Black Cupid, the cook of the mess and slave of Clarke Kenely. Messrs Snider, and Hunt and others from the lead mines of Galena, Ill., were of the company; a Mr. Whitney and daughter, and two blacksmiths named Hoagland. The teams connected with the train were about twenty or twenty-five in number.

The expedition proceeded to Kansas City and remained there one day. The succeeding morning a start was made, and near the big Blue River, some five or six miles out, a halt was ordered, all the preliminaries arranged, the organization effected, and the start made in earnest.

The time elapsing between this start and their arrival at Fort Laramie was about one month, and the trip made with the usual concomitants of wagon-travel in the west at that time. Breaking down and miring of wagons and teams, sickness of men, bad roads, etc., gave occasion for the exercise of the ingenuity and patience of the train incessantly, and the sight of the low and sandy valley of the Platte or Nebraska River was gladly welcomed. This stream was reached at the close of a hot day in the middle of June, and it was proposed to bathe. Here occurred an incident which briefly and very pointedly describes the Platte perhaps better than a volume could. A projecting limb was utilized by the men to dive from, and the sport kept up until late in the evening, when they retired to rest. Just at daybreak the next morning, one of the drivers arose, and, looking towards the river, caught sight of the projecting limb from whence they had dived the evening before. It occurred to him that a plunge in the cool stream would be a splendid thing to start the day with, and arouse him thoroughly from his nap; and he

proceeded to the bank, taking off as he went, the garments that he had slept in. Mounting the limb, he balanced himself for the spring. The surface of the water and the stream generally appeared precisely as it did the night before, when a convenient depth of water was had for deep diving. He raised his arms, rose high in the air, and with a graceful curve disappeared. Some of the boys, who were quietly watching him from the camp, heard a smothered yell as he struck the water, and ran to see him. The lower extremities of the unlucky diver, were seen wildly beating the air and water, and he seemed held down head foremost by some invisible power. They ran to his assistance and found him embedded head and shoulders in quicksands, with scarcely anything more than his naked legs protruding above the surface. With a force as if he had been shot from a catapult, he had dived into less than two feet of water. The treacherous sands had shifted the night before from above and had been deposited ten or twelve feet deep directly underneath their diving-place. The Platte river is mighty uncertain. The unfor-

tunate man was pried out with poles; luckily escaping without a broken neck, and but with few bruises.

In the valley of the Platte immense herds of buffalo were seen. No one that has failed to see one of these now fast disappearing animals can form anything like an adequate idea of the extent and numbers of a full herd of these noble animals. Boundless as the ocean, far as the eye can reach, a limitless mass of dark, moving, throbbing life. The Union Pacific Railroad has well swept them from their grazing grounds in the valley of the Platte; and this and other roads threaten to exterminate this king of the plains and Rockies.

CHAPTER V.

The Fight with Black Cupid on the Sweetwater—The cooks of '49—South Pass and the 4th of July—Difficult Passage of Green River—The St. Mary's River and Sink of the Humboldt—A Stampede—Difficulty in Camp—Truckee Desert and River.

JUST after leaving Laramie, the party was joined by Andrew Brady and a lad named Edmosen. These men had started across the plains from another part, and in another train. Their party, however, had become disorganized and discontented, and on meeting the train commanded by Radford, the two men proposed to become members of it. This was agreed to, and they were allotted to the mess of which DeMilt was a member—the culinary depart-

ment of which was presided over by Black Cupid—a slave.

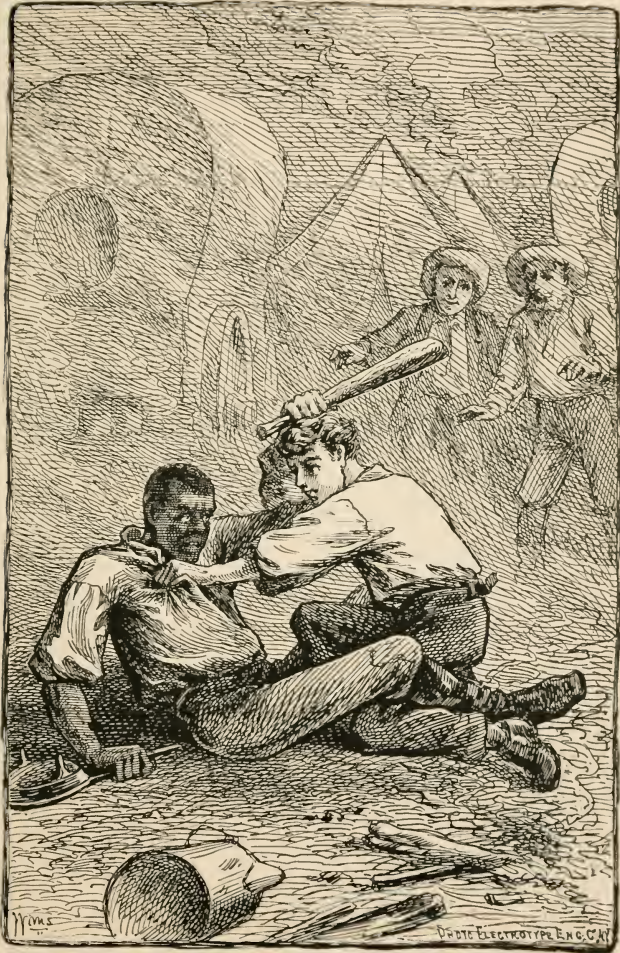
The name in this instance was certainly a mistaken appellation. Born in Missouri, Cupid was owned by Clark Kenely; he was jet black, kinky haired, thick lipped, broad nostrilled. The black cook resembled anything but the God of Love.

No man, perhaps, ever cooked across the plains for an immigrant train, or for any part thereof, without permanently ruining his disposition before the end of the trip—however good that disposition may have been at the start. The privilege of growling at the cook, in season and out of season, was and is especially cherished by emigrants on the plains and elsewhere. Hot, tired, dusty, wearied to death with whacking mules and lifting wagons out of the mire, the only solace left the '49-er, was the sweet and sacred privilege of "cussing" and growling at the helpless innocent who prepared his food. Shades of the cooks of '49!—bear witness to the truth of this!

Cupid, no doubt, came in for his share of contumely. The poor devil's disposition—never,

perhaps, one of the best—was no doubt seriously strained by the time the caravan hove in sight of Laramie. At any rate, there were two more stomachs in the mess to be filled, two more mouths to provide for, and to abuse the cook. This addition was received by Cupid with intense disgust. Nor was he in any way careful to conceal his dissatisfaction. He growled, grumbled, put up “jobs” on Joe Edmonson, and instituted a series of petty persecutions against that individual that would probably be best described by the term, “hazing.”

Young DeMilt, happening to be a witness of a flagrant instance of this persecution, one day just as “Cupid” was preparing dinner, he undertook to reprove him. Cupid, naturally feeling out of sorts (he was cooking dinner) “talked back.” One word brought on other words; one or two blows, and a “difficulty” took place, thereabouts, which was well sustained by both our hero and his sable antagonist. A pick-handle, a tent-pin, fists, finger-nails, a skillet of hot fat and other persuasives were resorted to with varying success. They clinched wrestled, squeezed, and walloped one another



CHASTISING THE "BLACK CUPID."

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for some minutes, and our hero had just got the cook down, and was about to settle him with a club when, Phil Chouteau, having enjoyed it long enough, interfered and stopped the fight—but not in time to save the dinner, that had long ago been kicked to the four winds or trampled into the dirt. Clark Kenely's mess went dinnerless that day. The difficulty was amicably adjusted; Cupid and DeMilt were fast friends, during the whole trip thereafter. No harm was done, beyond the loosening up of several square inches of both white and black skin.

Journeying along the valley of the Platte, the train passed successively the court-house and chimney rocks and other natural curiosities of great interest. Court-house Rock which resembles a gigantic court-house, and nothing else, is in plain sight of the trail, but fifteen or twenty miles distant. The effect of that optical illusion—so familiar to all plainsmen—is such as to cause this Rock, and other objects, to appear close at hand. Some amusement was created by parties attempting to start off for a short walk or ride, as they thought, to get a close view of the wonderful sight. With its windows

doors, chimneys, columns, etc., the similarity is perfect, and plentifully warrants even a tired plainsman to try to view it from a closer standpoint. Parties, starting at three or four o'clock, generally travelled till dark, and then returned, with the court-house rock apparently just as far distant as at the start. This illusion has never been satisfactorily explained, although innumerable theories have been advanced concerning it. An unusual rarity of the atmosphere is generally accepted as the cause of this phenomenon, but is rejected by some on what would appear to be perfectly reasonable grounds.

South Pass was reached on the 4th of July, 1849. This was passed without difficulty, and the Rockies were left behind our adventurers. The mountain streams after this all flowed westward. We camped on the summit that night.

Soon after successfully crossing the Rockies the territory occupied by the Snake Indians was entered. These Indians, as were all others encountered by the train, were peaceable, and molested no one. DeMilt traded two red blankets here

for a small Snake horse, on whose back he successfully breasted the dangerous current of Green River, and led the stock across.

Green River is really the upper Colorado, but takes its name from the deep green color of its waters. It has a current of great velocity, is a dangerous stream, and proved a terrible barrier to people crossing the plains to California. On account, perhaps, of the great mass of snow which falls into and melts in the current, the temperature of the water is nearly as low as the freezing-point.

On arriving at the Green River crossing there were found congregated a number of trains and a vast quantity of stock unable to make the passage. Several men and horses had been drowned just previous to the arrival of Radford's train, and the men seemed nonplussed. In order to induce the animals to cross the stream, it was necessary that some man, mounted on a lead animal, should first enter the river—the animals in this case following blindly, and as a rule making the passage safely. On the arrival of Radford's train, volunteers were called for to attempt the hazard-

ous crossing; DeMilt and his Snake horse were in instant readiness. Fortifying himself with a ration of fiery brandy he boldly breasted the current. Without recounting his narrow escapes from the rapid current and the intense cold, suffice it to say, that he made the crossing in safety, the animals following him. The rest of the caravan was soon safely over.

One hundred and fifty weary miles were yet to be travelled to reach the St. Mary's River, which was accomplished, however, without any incident of more than ordinary importance. Reaching the St. Mary's, the trail followed the course of the river, for three hundred miles. Farther down, the river is known as the Humboldt, and soon loses itself in the vast desert, known as the Sink of the Humboldt. Near the Sink of the Humboldt the stock was stampeded by prowling Indians, and fled in wild terror for miles before being recaptured, the oldest and apparently the worst used up animals of the train leading the van with tremendous strides in this wild race. DeMilt and McKenzie were guarding the stock at the time of the stampede, and

Bob Hunt, who had proved to be a sort of bullyragging chap, undertook to administer a rebuke to these men for what he termed their negligence in allowing the stock to get away, and threatened to give them both a "licking." He did give McKenzie a box on the ears and seemed to get along very well in his undertaking, until he got to DeMilt. Some of the men told him he would get hurt if he molested DeMilt; but he disregarded these warnings, and made a stride toward the young man with his fist doubled up for a fight. Quicker than I can tell it, he was looking down the barrel of a loaded and cocked rifle. This forced him to an abrupt halt, and he soon relented. He did not whip DeMilt that day, nor any other, and they were soon good friends again.

Fifty-five miles of desert were to be crossed to reach Truckee River. The trip across lasted forty hours. The talented Mark Twain, who has crossed this desert more than once, describes it as well or better, perhaps, than any one who ever saw it or wrote about it. "Pushing through sand that had no bottom; toiling all day long

by the wrecks of a thousand wagons; the skeletons of ten thousand oxen; by wagon tires enough to hoop the Washington monument to the top, and ox chains enough to girdle Long Island; by human graves, with our throats parched always, with thirst; lips bleeding with alkali dust, hungry, perspiring, and very, very weary—so weary that when we dropped in the sand every fifty yards to rest the mules, we could hardly keep from going to sleep.”

On the second day of the trip, towards evening, a far off fringe of green trees, sticking up over the bluffs of Truckee River, greeted the eyes of the toiling trains. This river was eventually reached after great suffering; and, once reached, no human power could prevent the animals, and men, too, for that matter, from plunging bodily in and drinking until it seemed all must burst. Truckee River was crossed twenty-seven times in twenty-nine miles, but it was finally left behind us.

The burning springs of the Truckee desert were objects of great interest to the party. A ham was boiled in one of them by Bob Hunt in

the course of ten minutes ; eggs were cooked also. The feet of the oxen sometimes penetrated through the surface, and came in contact with the hot alkali waters beneath, in which case their hoofs seem to rot and fall off.

CHAPTER VI.

The Sierra Nevadas—Hoisting the Wagons—Donner Camp
—The Ill-fated Party—The Summit—The Descent—
Grass Valley—The First Search for Gold—Sacramento
—Breaking up of the Company—Mormon Gulch.

AFTER Truckee River was finally lost sight of, some twenty or twenty-five miles were passed before obstacles of a serious nature impeded the course of the train, towards the summit. Those steep and difficult benches of the foot hills of the Sierras were surmounted after severe toil in hoisting the wagons. Soon after, within twenty miles of the summit, the site of Donner Camp, which proved the burial place of so many unfortunate beings, was reached.

Many thrilling and affecting accounts have been written concerning the disasters that overtook the ill-fated Donner party in the winter of 1846-47; yet, after this lapse of time, a

brief recital of their adventures and sufferings may not be without interest.

The Donner party, so called from the fact that men who bore that name were the leading spirits of the party, consisted of about eighty immigrants, including men, women, and children. The bones of thirty-six of that party are entombed beneath the eternal snows of the Sierras, while the forty-four survivors were only rescued after the most intense suffering, from cold and starvation, and were mere skeletons when snatched from the jaws of death by the relief parties, who perilled everything in their brave rescue of the unfortunates.

Contrary to the advice of the most experienced men of that section, and in almost total ignorance of the climate, the party had decided for themselves to attempt the passage of the Sierras by an entirely new route. On their arrival at a small lake, since called Donner Lake, and some fifteen miles from Lake Tahoe, they had erected two small cabins, when two Indians and five pack mules laden with provisions arrived. These had been sent from Sutter's Fort by Capt. Sutter, who, it would seem, had been in-

formed of the danger that menaced the party. This was in November, '46. Up to this time there had been several comparatively light falls of snow.

It was proposed by some of the party to immediately slaughter all the animals, including those sent by Capt. Sutter, and save their flesh for food. This, while it was really the only salvation of the immigrants, was opposed by some at the time and was the subject of some discussion pro and con. Little did the unfortunates realize its importance. While this discussion was pending, a terrible storm came up, and snow fell to the depth of six feet and over during the night. The next morning naught was visible but a wide desert of snow; not an animal was to be seen. They had fled before the driving storm and perished in the wastes of the Sierras; not a carcass was to be found. A realization of the extremity of their situation here forced itself upon the minds of the party. The little supply of provisions they had on hand, including those sent by Capt. Sutter, could not last long. It was thenceforth a struggle, a terrible struggle, for life.

It was decided to send a party across the mountains on snow-shoes. This party was headed by Eddy and Foster, and consisted of eight white men, two Indians, five women, and a boy twelve years old. Supplied with one suit of clothes each, a few blankets, an axe, a rifle, some ammunition, and a small amount of provisions, this little party set bravely out. It is beyond the province of this brief sketch to set forth in detail the terrible sufferings of the little band. How they found little or no game on the summit; how they encamped on the surface of the snow; how, too weak and exhausted to cut large timber, they built fires of small sticks and logs; how these burnt through and their fire and all sank, deep down, into the snow; how, in blinding snows, intense cold, suffering the horrors of slow death by starvation, five of this party perished almost immediately; how one of the men, who had borne the day's travel well, suddenly fell down by the fire where he was warming himself and died, and how, after incredible hardship, two of the remainder reached assistance, just at death's door. Relief was at once sent out to rescue the rem-

nant of the Eddy party, and ten men, supplied with all that was necessary, reached the camp, where Foster and the five women had been left. On arriving at the camp, so sad was the sight that the relief men, for some moments, were so affected, that they said not a word, but only gazed and wept. Hovering over their small camp fire, the poor creatures had been snowed on, rained on, lacerated, starved, and worn down until they were but breathing skeletons.

The Eddy party were about thirty days in making the trip. Other parties afterward set out from the cabins on Donner Lake, and made their way into the settlement, after fearful sufferings and the loss of most of their comrades. Many died at the cabins from starvation. Taken all in all, the story of the terrible fate of the ill-starred Donner party, is one of the saddest tales ever told of human suffering. It stands almost without a parallel; certainly, without a parallel in the annals of adventure in the Far-West.

After successfully crossing the summit of the Sierras, a series of benches necessitated the

lowering of the wagons by ropes. This was accomplished by taking a turn of the rope around trees, and gradually allowing them to descend, after lightening them as much as could be done conveniently.

Grass Valley, on the west slope of the Sierras, was reached on the next day. This was virtually the end of the trip, and here, with splendid pasturage and good water, the immigrants enjoyed their well-earned repose after the fatigues of a four months' journey across the continent. In this neighborhood some small gulches were found which contained gold, and a small amount was taken out. Favorable reports were here received from the mines on the Stanislaus; but it was decided to push on to Sacramento, which place was reached after three days' travel. Camp was made a short distance from the city, on good grazing ground. Here a rest of one whole week was taken.

At this place the existence of Capt. Radford's company, as an organized body, ceased, and the men who had so long and faithfully acted together parted company, in some cases forever. Brady, of DeMilt's mess, joined a military

organization for the relief of immigrant parties, and the two separated and saw no more of one another for sixteen years, when they met quite romantically, as brothers-in-law, in 1865, having married sisters in different parts of the States; the facts of which were altogether unknown by the two old friends and messmates.

CHAPTER VII.

Hangtown—Mormon Gulch—The Winter of 49-50—Incidents of Life among the Gold-Hunters—Bucking the tiger—Break-up in the Spring—Plans for Work—Sacramento—Roulette—\$18,000, in one roll of the ball—Life in California in'49.

AFTER the disorganization of the Radford train, the men split off into various bands, as suited them, and went out "on their own hook," as the saying is. DeMilt, and some sixteen of his original associates, provided themselves with tools, implements of mining, etc., and proceeded to Mormon Gulch some six miles or so, from a classic spot dubbed "Hangtown" so called from the hanging of two men, who were executed in that neighborhood for crimes committed by them—Judge Lynch presiding.

Here a double cabin was erected, and arrangements perfected for passing the winter, or rainy season, at this place. Black Cupid, in the

meantime had gone to Sacramento with Kenely his master, and was cooking at a hotel in that city; and Radford and their friends had left for different parts of the gold region.

The winter in the double cabin in Mormon Gulch passed without extraordinary incident, and was spent in frolicking, and perhaps occasional fighting, cooking, eating, drinking, hunting, prospecting, etc, the usual occupations of mixed bands of men in a wild country. A number of grizzlies were killed during the winter. Adventures were had, both with these grizzlies and their neighbors, the Indians, and some quantity of gold was taken out. The bar-rooms and gambling hells of Hangtown, we fear, were somewhat frequently visited by the wilder elements of the party; and the Monte dealers of that locality, consequently, materially enriched themselves. One of the men accidentally struck up an acquaintance with an old fellow from the States, who had been a preacher there, but who was now dealing in "Vingt-un," the making his eternal fortune, in a material sense, at any rate, but certainly at the expense of his spiritual well-being.

When spring finally came, the camp was broken-up, the cabin abandoned, and the men, who had accumulated a capital perhaps of four or five hundred dollars apiece, started out to dig, every man for himself.

DeMilt, with a woollen hat, a red shirt, his pack on his back, and the everlasting and traditional revolver and bowie knife, left, too, sold his mule, and visited successively Lawson's ranche, and Shasta diggings, and started for Oregon. Hearing unfavorable reports from that country, he went back to Marysville, and thence to Sacramento.

In Sacramento he became acquainted with, and was employed by a man named James Lundy, who kept an eating-house and gambling-saloon in connection with the Tahama theatre. This, employment, though not the most acceptable in the world, was about the best offering itself at the time; and our hero did passably well, until a Mormon of some note, named Sam Brannon came along one night, and coolly inquiring, at a roulette table, what the "limit," of the bank was, he was informed that it was \$18,000 dollars. Brannon, without a word, produced

that amount in dust and nuggets, and staked every dollar of it on one roll of the ball, putting his money on the red.

This, of course, made a ripple in the large hall, where red-shirted and revolver-laden men from all parts of the habitable globe were congregated, drinking and gaming. The wheel was whirled, and the little ball started. When it stopped, Jim Lundy was a ruined man and Brannon walked off with the pile.

The cabin in Mormon Gulch was, in the meantime, found and occupied by a strolling party of gold diggers, and mining operations were instituted on the spot. The luck of this party was good, and large quantities of "pay dirt" was taken out. These men "struck it rich," and several thousand dollars apiece were netted on the very ground where our friends had, unconscious of the character of the place, quietly and innocently spent the winter. Our friends listened to this information with intense disgust, as may be easily imagined.

One night in the Tahama theatre, just before the curtain rose, DeMilt was approached by a chum named Mike Billinger, and applied to for



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the loan of a few dollars. Mike told the usual story of bad fortune on the green cloth, etc., but of course added that his luck would change. DeMilt, without thought, lent him the required sum and went to bed. On awaking the next morning, the first man he met was Mr. Billinger, who had a fabulous amount of wealth on his person; Mike's luck *had* changed. He had won \$2,000, and came within one ounce of breaking the bank. DeMilt took an active part in a political fight for municipal officers, which took place in Sacramento that summer. His party was successful, his favorites were elected and duly installed in office, and at a grand ball in honor of their success, DeMilt officiated as manager, and cleared several hundred dollars. Billinger, who had borrowed the money from DeMilt, with which he made his stake at the gambling table, insisted on returning the amount with several hundred dollars interest, which DeMilt was only too ready to accept. Fortune seemed to smile on the young '49-er, and money to flow into his pockets. He had already, in the first year of his life in California, amassed a considerable

sum. 'Frisco, now the cynosure of all eyes, attracted our hero, and circumstances soon tended to place him in that wonderful city.

With a delightful climate and great natural advantages, and, beyond all, the presence of unlimited gold, California, in '49, presented to the young and adventurous of the time, a field like that which, in the 16th century, was offered by Mexico and Peru to the adventurous nobility of the Old World. All qualities, grades and colors of men flocked to the new Eldorado, like crows to a cornfield. Every ship was loaded, the prairies of the new West were black with wagon trains, and the Isthmus of Panama was choked with the tide pouring to the coast of gold. Once on the ground, with pick, pan, shovel, wheelbarrow and cradle; with mind filled by wild impalpable hopes, the man of '49, went to work. His foot trod on a deposit of gold. Who knew but in an hour, a week, a month, he would be richer than all the Vanderbilts?

Digger Indians, Mexicans, Chinese marauders, Australian cut-throats, adventurers from the States, lawyers, bankers, brokers, clergymen,

dug into the earth at Whiskey Bar, Humbug Creek, Skunk Flat, Jesus Maria, Ignis Fatuus Gulch, and Bloody Bend, and panned their dirt with the feverish anxiety with which the gambler watches the turn of a card. In 'Frisco the '49-er lived regally in first-class hotels or slept in the streets, as fortune favored or slighted him. At the mines, he slept in cabins or tents, and ate pork and beans with a plum-duff now and then for Sunday's dinner. A clever writer of the time thus sums it up :

Clubs, reading-rooms, and female society were things yet to be ; hence, the places of universal resort were the drinking-saloon and gambling-house, which were in most cases united in one establishment. With a keen eye to profit, the proprietors of these establishments had fitted them up with a splendor irresistibly captivating to men who for months had seen no dwelling more attractive than a rude hut or tent. Pillars, apparently of crystal, supported the gilded roofs. The walls were a-blaze with huge mirrors, alternating with pictures of the worst schools, of the most brilliant coloring, and the most questionable designs. Nothing could be more motley than the aspects of the crowd there assembled. Miners in ragged woollen or greasy buckskin, with long hair and ferocious mustaches ; Mexicans in gay serapes and slouched hats ; Chinamen with long tails and basin-like hats ; negroes, hodmen, merchants, mechanics, all in what costume pleased fortune — thronged around the liquor bars and the *monte* tables.

Sunday was a dead letter, a day of holiness or even of rest, and was devoted to regattas, bull-fights, chicken-mains, dancing and drinking. The following will show from what a collection of beverages the '49-er chose a drink to his fancy,—

BILL OF FARE.

Scotch Ale,	Ratifa,
English Porter,	Tokay,
American Brandy,	Calcavalla,
Irish Whiskey,	Alcohol,
Holland Gin,	Cordial,
Jamaica Rum,	Syrups,
French Claret,	Stingo,
Spanish Sack,	Hot Grog,
German Hockamore,	Mint Juleps,
Persian Sherbet,	Gin Sling,
Portuguese Port,	Brick Taps,
Brazilian Arrack,	Sherry Cobblers,
Swiss Absynthe,	Queen Charlottes,
East India Acids,	Mountaineers,
Spirits stews and toddies,	Brandy Smashes,
Lager Bier,	Whiskey Punch,
New Cider,	Cherry Bouncer,
Soda Waters,	Shamperone,
Mineral Drinks,	Drizzle,
Ginger Pop,	Our Own,
Usquebaugh,	Red Light,
Sangeree,	Hains,

BILL OF FARE.—CONTINUED.

Perkin,	Horns,
Mead,	Whistler,
Metheglin,	White Line,
Egg-nogg,	Settler,
Capiliare,	Peach and Honey,
Kirschwassen,	Whiskey Skin,
Cognac,	Old Sea Dog,
Rhenish wine,	Pig and Whistle,
Malaga,	Eye Opener,
Muscatel,	Apple Dam,
Burgundy,	Flip Flap,
Haut Bersar,	One-eyed Joe,
Champagne,	Cooler,
Maraschino,	Cocktails,
Tafia,	Tom and Jerry,
Negus,	Moral Suasion,
Tag,	Jewett's Fancy,
Shambro,	Ne Plus Ultra,
Fiscor,	Citronella Jam,
Virginia,	Silver Spout,
Knickerbocker,	Veto,
Snifter,	Deacon,
Exchange,	Ching Ching,
Poke,	Sergeant,
Agent,	Stone Wall,
Floater,	Rooster Tail,
I. O. U,	Vox Populi,
Smasher,	Tug and Try,
Curacoa,	Sauterne

Cigars and Tobacco.

LIFE OF A '49er, AND HIS TEN COMMANDMENTS.

A man spoke these words and said: I am a miner, who wandered "from away down east," and came to sojourn in a strange land and "see the elephant." And behold I saw him, and bear witness, that from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail, his whole body has passed before me; and I followed him until his huge feet stood still before a clapboard shanty; then, with his trunk extended, he pointed to a candle-card tacked upon a shingle, as though he would say read, and I read the

 MINERS' TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

Thou shalt have no other claim than one.

II.

Thou shalt not make unto thyself any false claim, nor any likeness to a mean man, by jumping one; whatever thou findest on the top above, or on the rock beneath, or in the crevice underneath the rock—or I will visit the miners around to invite them on my side; and when they decide against thee, thou shalt take thy pick, and thy pan, thy shovel, and thy blankets, with all thou hast, and "go prospecting," to seek good diggings; but thou shalt find none. Then, when thou findest that thine old claim is worked, and yet no pile made thee, to hide in the ground, or in the old boot beneath thy bunk, or in buckskin or bottle underneath thy cabin, but hast paid all that was in thy purse away, worn out thy boots and thy garments, so that there is nothing good about them but the pockets, and thy patience is likened unto thy garments; at last thou shalt hire thy body out to make thy board and save thy bacon.

III.

Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Neither shalt thou take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gaming table in vain, for monte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, lansquenet and poker, will prove to thee that the more thou puttest down the less thou shalt take up; and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless, but—insane.

IV.

Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest here. Six days thou mayest dig or pick all that thy body can stand under; but the other day is Sunday, yet thou wastest all thy dirty shirts, darnest all thy stockings, tap thy boots, mend thy clothing, chop thy whole week's fire-wood, make up and bake thy bread and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when thou returnest from thy long-tom weary. For in six days' labor only thou canst not work enough to wear out thy body in two years; but if thou workest hard on Sunday also, thou canst do it in six months; and thou and thy son, and thy daughter, thy male friends and thy female friends, thy morals and thy conscience, be none the better for it; but reproach thee, shouldst thou ever return with thy worn-out body to thy mother's fireside; and thou strive to justify thyself, because the trader and the blacksmith, the carpenter and the merchant, the tailors, Jews, and buccaneers, defy God and civilization, by keeping not the sabbath day, nor wish for a day of rest, such as memory, youth and home, made hallowed.

V.

Thou shalt not think more of all thy gold, and how thou canst make it fastest, than how thou wilt enjoy it, after thou hast ridden, roughshod, over thy good old parent's precepts and examples, that thou mayest have nothing to

reproach and sting thee, when thou art left ALONE in the land where thy father's blessing and thy mother's love hath sent thee.

VI.

Thou shalt not kill thy body by working in the rain, even though thou shalt make enough to buy physic and attendance with. Neither shalt thou kill thy neighbor's body in a duel; for, by "keeping cool," thou canst save his life and thy conscience. Neither shalt thou destroy thyself by getting "tight," nor "slewed," nor "high," nor "corned," nor "half-seas-over," nor "three sheets in the wind," by drinking smoothly down—"brandy-slings," "gin-cocktails," "whisky-punches," "rum-toddies," nor "egg-nogs." Neither shalt thou suck "mint-julips," nor "sherry-cobblers" through a straw, nor gurgle from the bottom the "raw material," nor "take it neat" from a decanter, for, while thou art swallowing down thy purse, and thy coat from off thy back, thou art burning the coat from off thy stomach; and, if thou couldst see the houses and lands, and gold dust, and home comforts already lying there—"a huge pile"—thou shouldst feel a choking in thy throat; and when to that thou addest thy crooked walkings and hiccuping-talkings, of lodgings in the gutter, of broilings in the sun, of prospect-holes half full of water, and of shafts and ditches, from which thou hast emerged like a drowning rat, thou wilt feel disgusted with thyself, and inquire "Is thy servant a dog, that he doeth these things?" verily I will say, Farewell, old bottle, I will kiss thy gurgling lips no more. And thou slings, cocktails, punches, smashes, cobblers, nogs, toddies, sangarees, and julips, forever farewell! Thy remembrance shames me, henceforth, I "cut thy acquaintance," and headaches, tremblings, heart-burnings, blue-devils, and all that unholy catalogue of evils that follow in thy train. My wife's smiles, and my children's merry-hearted laughter, shall charm and reward me for having the manly firmness and courage to say NO! I wish thee an eternal farewell!

VII.

Thou shalt not grow discouraged, nor think of going home before thou hast made thy "pile," because thou hast not "struck a lead," nor found a "rich crevice," nor sunk a hole upon a "pocket," lest in going home thou shalt leave four dollars a day, and go to work, ashamed, at fifty cents, and serve thee right; for thou knowest by staying here that thou mightest strike a lead and fifty dollars a day, and keep thy manly self-respect, and then go home with enough to make thyself and others happy.

VIII.

Thou shalt not steal a pick, or a shovel, or a pan, from thy fellow miner; nor take away his tools without his leave; nor borrow those he cannot spare; nor return them broken, nor trouble him to fetch them back again; nor talk with him while his water rent is running on; nor remove his stake to enlarge thy claim, nor undermine his bank in following a lead, nor pan out gold from his "rifle-box," nor wash the "tailings," from his sluice's mouth. Neither shalt thou pick out specimens from the company's pan to put them in thy mouth or in thy purse; nor cheat thy partner of his share; nor steal from thy cabin mate his gold dust, to add to thine, for he will be sure to discover what thou hast done, and will call his fellow miners together, and if the law hinders them not, they will hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes, or shave thy head and brand thee, like a horse thief, with R upon thy cheek, to be known and read by all men, Californians in particular.

IX.

Thou shalt tell no false tales about "good diggings in the mountains" to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit a friend who hath mules, and provisions, and tools, and blankets, he cannot sell—lest in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow, with naught save his

rifle, he present thee with the contents thereof, and like a dog, thou shalt fall down and die.

X.

Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony, nor covet "single blessedness"; nor forget absent maidens; nor neglect thy "first love"; --but thou shalt consider how faithfully and patiently she awaiteth thy return; yea, and covereth each epistle that thou sendest with kisses of kindly welcome—until she hath thyself. Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife nor trifle with the affections of his daughter; yet, if thy heart be free, and thou love and covet each other, thou shalt "pop the question" like a man, lest another more manly than thou art should step in before thee, and thou love her in vain, and in the anguish of thy heart's disappointment, thou shalt quote the language of the great, and say, "sich is life"; and thy future lot be that of a poor, lonely, despised and comfortless bachelor.

A New Commandment give I unto thee—if thou hast a wife and little ones, that thou lovest dearer than thy life—that thou keep them continually before thee, to cheer and urge thee onward until thou canst say, "I have enough—God bless them!—I will return." Then as thou journeyest toward thy much loved home, with open arms shall they come forth to welcome thee, and falling upon thy neck, weep tears of unutterable joy that thou art come; then in the fulness of thy heart's gratitude, thou shall kneel before thy Heavenly Father together, to thank Him for thy safe return. AMEN—So mote it be!

FORTY-NINER.

CHAPTER VIII.

San Francisco—Hazard and Hale—The Schooner—Freighting—Throws up his berth—Driving team in 'Frisco—The Dentist; pulling the wrong tooth—Vigilants—Great Fire of May, 1851—Determines to start back to the States—The Brig "Mary Ann."

ONE day, while lounging about the river banks of Sacramento, DeMilt observed two men who belonged to a schooner anchored at the Levee. One was a tall, dark individual, the other short and of fair complexion. Both were unmistakably seafaring men, as DeMilt could readily tell from their looks, and, in fact, they had just landed from their vessel and were cooking a meal on shore. After they had cooked and eaten their food and were standing about the docks, DeMilt accosted them politely, and the three entered into conversation.

These two seamen proved to be Messrs. Hazard and Hale, the one from New York, the

other from Boston, Mass. Both men were first-class seamen, and both had acted in the capacity of first mate on their respective vessels. They had met by accident in 'Frisco, and becoming acquainted, had engaged in business.— A fifteen ton schooner had been chartered by them, and they were engaged in the business of freighting from San Francisco to Stockton and Sacramento.

Both men were prepossessed in DeMilt's favor by their brief conversation with him, and in the course of this, their first meeting, proposed that he should enter into co-partnership with them in the freighting business. This proposition was, after consideration, accepted by DeMilt. DeMilt was to exercise a general supervision over the details of the business, a task that necessitated considerable hard work, and was to share equally with his partners in the profits of the traffic.

Our hero now makes his first trip to San Francisco in the schooner. Four trips were made by him in this vessel; three to Sacramento, and one to Stockton. Arriving at Stockton, they became involved in a lawsuit with a



STREET SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

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man for whom they had been carrying potatoes, and DeMilt, far from being satisfied with the outlook of affairs, had a settlement with his partners, and retired from the concern; going back, however, to San Francisco, where he began to look about for an occupation.

The first employment offering itself was the proposition of a man named Kent, from New Bedford, Mass., to engage our hero as driver of one of his teams. This he accepted and followed for a period of about two months. Several opportunities in the meantime offered themselves for investment of different kinds; among which was the raffle of a gold watch and chain, owned by DeMilt. This he raffled and afterwards won back.

At this time, having, by economy and prudence, amassed a right snug little sum of his own, DeMilt determined to become his own master, bought a team and mules, and hauled lumber at a fair profit to himself.

Being troubled about this time with a decayed and aching tooth, DeMilt went to a dentist to have it extracted. The dentist, through extraordinary bad luck, got his forceps

on the wrong tooth, and with a fearful wrench pulled it. This necessitated, of course, the loss of two teeth, instead of one, and DeMilt was consequently very justly enraged thereat. He affected, however, a much greater degree of anger than he really felt, and drawing his revolver—nobody went without a revolver or two in those days—made the dentist believe he was about to be exterminated. The poor fellow craved forgiveness in the most abject manner, and with profuse apologies; DeMilt appeared, however, to be inexorable, and the dentist, no doubt, imagined that his hour had come. After some by-play of a tragi-comic nature, the affair was compromised by the dentist promising to give a grand supper at a prominent hotel, which he did. DeMilt now having lost two teeth, was to have the pleasure at any rate of making good use of those he had left at the expense of the careless dentist who was glad enough to escape so lightly.

At this time, the general unsafety of life and property, the result of the accumulation of Sidney birds and other banditti in San Francisco, necessitated the organization of the

celebrated vigilance committee; otherwise known as "Vigilants." The history of this world-famed organization is familiar to all wherever the English language is spoken. Our adventurer was one of the original "committee," organized in '51 by Wakeman. The terrible career of this organization was inaugurated by the summary execution of two desperadoes on the piazza. The heavy hand they dealt with and wiped out the accumulating villany of those days was quickly felt and feared. Order soon resumed its sway in 'Frisco. With a brief sketch of the times and circumstances that called forth this committee, and of their acts and policy, we will pass on to our history.

During the first year of the influx of immigrants to California such a thing as theft was unknown. People slept in their houses with their doors unlocked, and open, for that matter, their gold and valuables unthought of and unguarded. There was no need of precaution. The absence of organized government and the protections of law, had placed men on their honor; and the class of men then in California was of the best. Nobody took precautions against

crime, because there were no criminals. A universal sense of security pervaded all quarters. For a period, in those early days, crime was unknown in California. A few short months, and how great the change! The English penal colonies vomited their vile brood of Sidney birds, etc., on the shores of California, and then was created the "Vigilance Committee" and the inevitable contest between society and its sworn enemies. When a judge duly authorized by law to protect society became corrupt and failed to perform his duties, society pronounced him disqualified, and Judge Lynch was substituted. Swift and terrible was the retribution. Outraged society arose in its might against the banditti, and swept them from the face of the earth!

DeMilt and his mules and wagons found all they could do in the great fire of May, '51, and were for hours engaged in hauling the Custom-house books to a place of safety. Any price was offered for wagons, and the lucky owners were paid from \$20 to \$100 a load, pay enough for

a dozen mules. He lost one team, worth \$500, but made enough to compensate him during the fire. DeMilt had also a squatter's claim on Bush Street.

After a stay of some months in San Francisco, our hero became discontented, and resolved to return to the States. His constant aim had been to seek his relatives at the earliest opportunity. Once decided, he was rapid in action. His effects were soon disposed of, and taking passage on the brig "Mary Ann" for Panama, he is soon bounding over the quiet waters of the Pacific.

CHAPTER IX.

Homeward Bound—The Brig Mary Ann—Voyage down the Coast—The Storm at Sea—Acapulco—Realejo—The determination to cross the Nicaraguan Isthmus—Incidents of the Crossing—The San Juan River and Greytown.

FORTY or fifty persons, besides DeMilt, had paid their passage-money to the captain of the "Mary Ann" for the trip to Panama, where they intended to cross the isthmus, and await at Chagres the vessel which was to take them to New York, and thence go to their homes throughout the States. It was a motley gathering of returning Californians, and, as fickle fortune willed it, it consisted of the wealthy miner, who had "struck it rich," and was bound homeward in high feather, and of the wearied and broken man, who had found

no gold, and who, sick and destitute, had just scraped together sufficient to pay his way back to civilization and friends.

Everybody knew that the trip down the coast—as the old sailing-vessel trips always were—would be tedious beyond measure, and they prepared themselves for it as best they could. Reading, writing, smoking, drinking, gambling, and idling about the vessel's decks were the principal occupations of the passengers, and time hung heavily enough upon them. DeMilt had asked, and obtained, permission to swing a hammock in the forward rigging, and whiled away the long hours in smoking, reading and sleeping. The lurid fires of burning volcanoes at night, in the distance, often reminded them that the coast was not far distant, and at intervals afforded a magnificent spectacle. The travels of DeMilt came near drawing to a close, one afternoon, during this trip, when he was quietly reading in his hammock watching the passengers about the decks, and wishing heartily for the end of this miserable journey. A little, black-looking cloud to windward attracted his attention, and it caught the skipper's eye about

the same time, for he immediately ordered the sail taken in. The sailors had scarcely mounted into the rigging to obey his orders, when the cloud, which had rapidly approached, seemed to burst directly over them, with frightful violence, throwing the vessel on her beam ends. DeMilt found himself suspended over the seething waters, into which his book, a valuable *poncho*, and a pair of blankets, had already been cast; and which seemed to be furiously trying to seize him. DeMilt managed, by a violent effort, to retain his position in the hammock, aided by a timely clutch at the rigging. This book had never been written had he lost his hold of the hammock during that squall off the Mexican coast. The captain of the "Mary Ann" was a thorough seaman, however, and soon righted his vessel, and they scudded before the gale, which was still blowing great guns, under bare poles and at break-neck speed.

The "Mary Ann" put in at Acapulco for provisions, etc., and remained a few days, greatly to the relief of the exhausted passengers. The Nicaraguan port of Realejo was reached in the

course of two or three weeks, and here a break was made from the brig, most of the passengers resolving to forfeit their passage to Panama, and cross the Nicaraguan isthmus from Realejo to Greytown or San Juan del Norte, where they knew that steamers would be easily had for the passage to New York. Realejo is a dirty little Central American town, of, perhaps, 1500 inhabitants, with a few respectable looking houses and one or two churches. There is no harbor of much note, and merchandise and freight is transferred in lighters from the ships to the shore. Chris. Lilly, a pugilist of some note, was here when the "Mary Ann" touched at Realejo, and, having acquired some favor in one of the revolutionary States, he had been granted a monopoly of the pilot business at Realejo, kept an hotel, and was engaged in lightering. DeMilt had seen Lilly fight in 'Frisco.

Many of the passengers were in favor of proceeding onward to San Juan del Sur, before attempting to cross the isthmus, which was much narrower at that point. That, in fact, was the regular crossing-place for people who wished to

embark at San Juan del Norte for New York, but, so badly disgusted were a majority of the party with the slow progress of the brig, that they declined setting foot upon her decks again, although the distance from Realejo to Greytown, or San Juan of the North, must have been at least six or eight hundred miles. Some days were consumed in perfecting arrangements for mules and wagons with which to cross the isthmus.

The outlook was far from being a promising one. The vehicles were rude wagons, with two wheels, drawn by mules or oxen. The wheels were simply sections cut from solid logs, with a central hole to admit the axle. Into this hole slips of bark were inserted from time to time by a native, who followed each cart, for the purpose of "greasing" them. Travelling at an average speed, of perhaps eighteen or twenty miles a day, the towns of Chinchegalpa, Chinendaga, and other places, were passed through, and the City of Leon, the principal town of the Occidental Department, was reached. Leon was in a state of revolution at this time, some three or four years before Walker and his men

went over the ground. An American party, of the size of the one of which DeMilt was a member, was of sufficient strength to have turned the scale of war which ever way they chose, and tempting offers of money and lands were offered them to join one or the other of the contending forces. These offers were all refused, as the Americans were not of a filibustering turn of mind, but merely desired to get back to their homes. Passes were issued to them by the commandants, and they proceeded onward. Mahogany, dye-woods, coffee, and cochineal abounded in the territory through which the party slowly jolted in their rude carts. At Masaya pumice stone was seen floating in the lake. Large numbers of chiggars infested the route, as was seen by the terrible condition of many of the natives. This insect deposits its eggs beneath the surface of the skin, in a small sac, which, unless immediately extracted, without breaking, causes a terrible sore. Tortillas, pieces of soap, lumps of sugar and, the like, are used as a medium of exchange by the natives in lieu of coin.

At Grenada, on Lake Nicaragua, a city after-

ward sacked and demolished by Gen. Walker, some days were consumed in waiting for bongos and natives to transport them across the lake to San Carlos, and thence down the San Juan River to Greytown, on the Carribean Sea. The bongo is a vessel cut from the solid log of the silk-cotton tree, and is often seen, hollowed from a single trunk, measuring seven feet clear from side to side. The bongos are manned by natives, whose dress consists of breech-cloth and shirt, the latter not being worn while at work.

Before leaving Grenada, a young *senorita* fell violently in love with DeMilt, who had paid her some attentions for a day or two, while waiting for the boats. He regarded the whole thing as a light flirtation, but was convinced to the contrary when the hour came for parting. She wept, vowed she would follow him to the ends of the earth, then became jealous of some imaginary rival, and nearly slaughtered DeMilt with a small stilleto. He had just time to seize her arm, and escaped with a scratch.

The journey down the San Juan to Greytown, passed without particular events, beyond the contracting of a fever by DeMilt, by exposure

to one of the *temporales*, or rains, of Central America, and the heat of the sun. At Greytown the British steamer "Clyde" awaited them, and they were soon *en route* to Chagres.

CHAPTER X.

The Voyage to New York—Mishap at Sea—Long sought Relations—Adventures in the Streets of the Metropolis—Back again to the Gold Fields—The *emeute* at Chagres—Footing it across the Isthmus of Panama—The Golden Gate—Chagres—Fever.

AT Chagres, passage was taken on the steamer "Illinois," for New York. Rough weather was encountered just after leaving Kingston, Jamaica, where the Illinois stopped to coal; and the vessel, after breaking a shaft, was blown out of her course and nearly dashed to pieces on rocks off Cape San Antonio. At Havana, however, sufficient repairs were made in the steamer's machinery to enable her to continue on her course, although she went into New York with but one wheel turning, and after grievous and exasperating delays.

Once in New York, it was DeMilt's first task to hunt up the relatives whom he knew were

there, but whom he had, as yet, never seen. The address of his aunt, Maria DeMilt, was soon found, with the aid of a city directory which he inspected at an hotel. Hiring a carriage, he jumped in, was driven to her residence, admitted, made himself known, and was warmly welcomed. He recounted the remarkable story of his adventures from childhood, described the death of his parents at Port Leon, and his subsequent wanderings. This, as may well be imagined, was listened to with rapt attention, and he was soon duly installed, the lion of a large circle of friends and relatives.

DeMilt was dogged on the steets of New York, at different times, by ruffians of the town, who followed unwary strangers after nightfall, with the intent to rob or commit murder. On one occasion, when followed by a couple of hard-looking fellows, he allowed them to approach quite closely, and, turning suddenly, confronted them with his revolver. The apparition of the returned Californian, in his odd costume (he still wore the Western dress) and looking quite ready for a fight, was too much for the foot-pads and they beat a precipitate retreat.

After a life of two months in the metropolis, DeMilt began again to pine for the West. He had been reasonably successful, had money, enjoyed the companionship of his relatives, and all that, but longed for a more active, stirring life than that locality could afford. In short, he determined to return to California, engaged passage to Chagres on the steamer "Ohio," on October 20th, 1851, and, bidding his friends farewell, was soon steaming southward.

DeMilt carried letters to Captain Patterson, of the steamer "Golden Gate," which some time previously had started for San Francisco, *via* the Straits of Magellan, and which was expected to arrive at Panama, on the Pacific, about the same time that DeMilt arrived at Chagres, on the eastern shore. Patterson was connected by marriage with the DeMilts.

On arriving at Chagres, the "Ohio's" passengers were notified that rioting was going on in the town, between the American and native boatmen. In fact, it was easy to see from the ship the appearances of strife, the smoke from the firing, reports of guns, etc. They were advised not to leave the vessel until the fighting ceased.

Volunteers were called for, however, to go ashore with the mails, and DeMilt, who was anxious to get to Panama, stepped forward immediately. Two or three other passengers, and the boatswain and one or two seamen, lowered away the long boat and started ashore. They made a detour of some miles, and landed below the town, which they finally entered from the side and rear. Skirmishing was still proceeding when they entered Chagres. Dead and wounded men were lying about. Men were loading and firing across the river at the natives, and one tall Kentuckian, with his long rifle, was concealed behind the lattice-work of an hotel, and was coolly picking off the natives, one at a time, across the stream. It was stated that he had killed many of them, as he rarely missed his aim.

A small steamer, plying on the Chagres River, conveyed the passengers and mails to the head of navigation, some miles off. Many victims of the terrible Chagres fever were on board this steamer, and were suffering and dying on board.

DeMilt, who waited for nothing, on landing

from the steamer, at once took up the march on foot, across the isthmus, twenty-eight miles, following the old Spanish road, which had been travelled for centuries, and which was so well worn and beaten that to lose oneself was well-nigh impossible. The footprints of mules worn deep into the solid rock were seen in many places.

The "Golden Gate" was anchored in the offing when DeMilt arrived at Panama. He was overjoyed on learning this, presented his letters without delay, and took passage for San Francisco forthwith. After going to Bogata, down the coast, for coal, the vessel started. Eleven hundred souls freighted this fine, new vessel, which was more than her regular complement; but, so great was the rush of men to California, that they could not easily be refused. The "Golden Gate" put in at Acapulco, Mexico, to re-victual. Acapulco has the only important harbor between California and Panama; the other ports being mere roadsteads, as is the case with Panama. Perfectly land-locked, with waters of crystal transparency, the harbor of Acapulco is one of the most beautiful in the

world. Some sport was had in watching the natives diving in the waters of the bay for small coins, thrown overboard to them by passengers. The water is of great depth, but wonderfully clear. No instance is on record of a native allowing the coin to escape him.

A small-pox scare, and other incidents, contributed to relieve the monotony of the voyage to San Francisco. Supplies, too, ran short, before the anchorage was reached, and the passengers were put on short allowance. This was not a very serious matter, however, though the vessel could scarcely carry enough to feed this army of men. Some mischievous chaps contrived to have themselves lowered over the bows of the ship, and chalked in huge letters the word "hunger." This was done just before entering the harbor at 'Frisco, and greatly enraged Capt. Patterson.

CHAPTER. XI.

Suffering from Chagres Fever—Sacramento and Auburn—Prospecting—Operations on North Fork of America River—Stony Bar Company—Great Expectations—Fluming, etc—Disappointment—The Green Miner of Baltimore Ravine—Pay Dirt—On the Wing Again.

UPON arriving in San Francisco, for the second time, DeMilt remained less than two weeks. He had determined to occupy himself in digging, and, with that in view, started for Sacramento, Dec. 1, 1851, where he was delayed for two months. Chagres fever, contracted, no doubt, on the Isthmus, settled in his throat and caused him intense suffering. Continual lancing of the swelling was necessary, and for some days he could eat nothing beyond what was given him on a spoon. On his recovery, however, which was perfect, with the exception

of a slight scar, he started for Auburn, fifty-five miles from Sacramento. While in the latter city DeMilt had become acquainted with, and was employed by, a man named Van Winkle, from New Jersey, who was engaged in the iron trade.

On arriving at Auburn, DeMilt "prospected around" for a week or two, meeting with an old hand, named Bill Bird. The two operated together in diggings in Baltimore Ravine. They failed to strike anything considerable here, and moved on to the North Fork of the America River, where large operations were progressing. At this place the indications were extraordinarily good. Fortune seemed to smile on the travellers. A company, known as the Stony Bar Company, was organized, consisting of DeMilt and six others; two swedes, three Missourians, and a sailor. Claims were staked off, and a cabin erected, and it was decided to build an immense flume, lay bare the bottom of the river, and reap the rich harvest of gold with which the bed was supposed to be lined.

This flume was finally built, after great labor and expense. Over fifty Chinamen were em-

ployed, at three dollars per day. The nearest point at which lumber was to be obtained was at a saw mill, ten miles distant. Lumber was worth forty to sixty dollars per thousand feet, and the cost and labor of transporting it were terrible. The flume was three hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and with sufficient fall readily to carry off the water.

The Stony Bar Company was universally thought to have "struck it." \$10,000 apiece for shares were offered and refused, on the day before their pumping operations were to begin. Nothing less than \$100,000 would pay for a share in that company, whose chances were thought to be the best of any on the river. In forty-eight hours those shares were valueless. When the bed was reached, nothing was to be seen but bare rock, with the exception of small amounts, say \$400 or \$500, or little pockets in the bottom of the river.

Thoroughly wearied, disheartened and disgusted, DeMilt determined to leave the locality instant. Shouldering his pick, shovel and bundle, he started back over the hill. It was a mile to the top, and on reaching the summit, he glanced

back at the scene of his expensive but fruitless operations, and then left it forever. He reached Auburn in a short time, and "prospected" further, with very ordinary results. Notwithstanding the disheartening failure of the Stony Bar Company, DeMilt was yet to strike "pay dirt," as the sequel will show.

One afternoon, while wandering about on a prospecting tour, in Baltimore Ravine, he came upon a tall, slim chap, with a light, "sandy" complexion, engaged in burrowing in the earth. The man was half buried in a little hole which he had scooped out, and was scarcely big enough for a coyote. From his awkward manner of handling himself, it was evident that this was his first attempt at gold-digging. He had with him a little match-box, partly filled with gold, however, and it was evident that in the hands of an adept, the outlook was far from being a bad one.

DeMilt approached, and, taking a seat near by, accosted the digger, whose name was Billings. He had been a school-teacher in the States, and he was asked what luck he was having. Billings, who proved to be an honest, clever

fellow, showed his little pile, and frankly admitted that he was a novice in the business, and that he wanted an experienced partner, and asked if DeMilt was a practical miner. DeMilt replied that he was a '49-er. That was sufficient, and Billings at once proposed that they should go in together in the digging business. He said that he was owner of a good cabin and outfit near by, and that they would share equally in that and in the gold to be taken out, even offering to halve the contents of his little match-box.

After further conversation, in which scraps of each other's history were exchanged, etc., DeMilt arose, and, grabbing a pick, remarked that he would see how the thing looked before he gave an answer, and sprang at the hole in which Billings had been operating just previous. He laid about vigorously for some time, enlarged the mouth of the cavity, and struck a stratum of decomposed slate in which he could see the particles of gold glistening. He accepted the proposition of Billings, and told him the value of the place. Claims were staked off, and operations vigorously prosecuted.

The process known as dry-washing was followed, which consisted in piling up the gold-bearing dirt in heaps and then waiting for the rainy season to come. This was necessitated by the scarcity of water. Considerable dust was taken out, however, before this season approached. When the work commenced in earnest, the true value of the digging became apparent. The last dirt was soon washed and the proceeds divided. DeMilt, while washing, had found a great nugget, worth \$100, and shaped like an elephant. This he secreted in his pocket for an hour or two, and when they started to "divide up," and the last washing was in, he threw this nugget on top of the pile before the eyes of the astonished Billings.

Over \$3,000 apiece was netted by the partners in this enterprise, and, on selling the cabin, which was disposed of to fellows from the States, they went to Sacramento and San Francisco, where they separated, Billings taking his way back to the States, and DeMilt paying passage to Australia.

Billings was allowed, on settling up, to take the golden \$100 nugget. He was greatly

delighted at this, and in all probability owns it to-day, a keepsake of the man to whom he owed his splendid luck and the fortune which he took out of Baltimore Ravine.

CHAPTER XII.

On Board the Galatea—The Hawaiian Islands—Honolulu
Kanakas—Sharks—Neptune—Crossing the Line—The
Navigator Isles—Becalmed in the Horse Latitudes—
Swimming—Narrow Escape of the Bathers—"Hurry
up, boys, there's a Breeze Coming"—Rounding Cape
Howe—The Gale—Putting in at Sidney.

DEMILT and his friend, Billings, parted reluctantly. For many months they had toiled together, they had slept under the same roof, shared the same food and blankets; their united efforts had forced the earth to yield its treasures, and those treasures had been fairly and honestly shared, without a syllable of complaint, without a murmur. They respected one another, and felt the mutual regard which is seldom felt, save in old and long established friendships. And this in a land oft blackened with the foulest crimes, where violated faith

seemed, for the time, to bring fortune to the violators, where murder stalked abroad, where the rankest villany, the grossest injustice, seemed to thrive at the expense of uprightness.

Billings seemed to have set his heart, however, upon a return to the States and civilization; DeMilt was equally resolved to follow fortune to distant Australia, a mysterious land from which came glowing accounts of gold discoveries. The friends accordingly parted at San Francisco.

Early in the month of April, 1853, therefore, we find DeMilt, or 'Lon, as he was generally called, on board the barque "Galatea," with his passage paid to Melbourne, Australia. About one hundred and fifty besides himself were on the vessel bound for the same port. A voyage of perhaps two weeks, varied only by the usual incidents of the old sailing vessel trips, took the "Galatea" into Honolulu, Sandwich Isles, where they landed, and remained ten or twelve days. Much that was novel and interesting was to be seen in Honolulu. The dusky Kanakas were a curiosity to the Californians, their expertness in battling with and destroying the sharks, which



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infested the adjacent waters, excited their warmest admiration. They visited the crater of the volcano, just back of Honolulu, amused themselves by eating two, three, or four fingered poie, a native dish composed of material something of the nature of arrow-root, visited the mission churches, and heard the sermons of the missionaries. The stay in Honolulu was a pleasant and profitable one to all.

Setting out again, the line was crossed before seeing land. The sea god Neptune did not fail to board the "Galatea," and great was the merriment afforded by his reception. Soon after "crossing the line," the barque was becalmed in the "horse latitudes." This is a particularly odious feature of sea travel in the old sailing craft, and after wearying themselves to death wishing and whistling for a breeze, the passengers, or many of them, determined one afternoon to bathe. It was a noticeable fact that the sailors of the "Galatea," without exception declined to participate in the sport; they evidently had no desire to form the acquaintance of any of the numerous sharks with which they knew the waters to be infested. Nothing de-

tered, however, the men stripped and plunged in from the vessel's side. They were cautioned not to venture far. All of a sudden, while disporting themselves in the deep, and no doubt enjoying themselves hugely, an officer of the barque who was stationed aloft, sang out: "All hands aboard, there is a breeze coming!" DeMilt who had just finished a dive under the vessel, and was coming up on the other side, was one of the first to reach the deck, something he soon had cause to congratulate himself upon. That "breeze" was nothing more nor less than the fin of a huge shark cutting the water and making a bee line for the bathers. Knowing that to sing out "shark" would result in a panic, and loss of life, the officer had simply announced that a breeze was springing up, and hoped that their eagerness to get onward would induce the men to get aboard without delay. He was right. The last man had just left the water when the shark, belly upward, made a lunge at him. The man's hair stood on end, but he was saved.

Congratulating themselves on their escape, a hook was baited with a piece of pork and

thrown overboard, and in less than ten minutes Mr. Shark was flapping on deck. He was despatched, after a sailor had cut off his tail, and opened. Old bones of pork, a shoe, some barrel hoops, etc., were found in the monster's capacious maw, and it was thought that he had followed the vessel for some time. Under the circumstances, the bathers were blessed with extremely good luck.

Apolo, one of the Navigator group, was next reached, where the huge proportions of the natives, and their skill in boating, were greatly admired by all. The chief was at least seven feet in height, and was blessed with a wife proportionally great. Here, for the first time in his life, DeMilt saw and partook of the famed bread-fruit. Leaving the Navigator Islands to the east, the "Galatea" soon reached the Feejee Isles, the home of the man-eaters. Boat loads of the natives came out to the barque, and bartered fruits, vegetables, etc.

The travellers were nearing their destination now, and expected to land before long at Melbourne. The voyage was becoming monotonous. Off Cape Howe, they battled with ad-

verse winds for nine days, at end of which time they were driven as far north as Sidney. Provisions were running short, and it was agreed to land at Sidney. The captain offered to convey such as wished to go to Melbourne, to their destination, (their passage had been paid to that port), or refund its equivalent in gold. DeMilt adopted the latter plan, and landing at Sidney made preparations to cross to Melbourne overland—a distance of about seven hundred miles.

CHAPTER XIII.

Australia—Phases of Society—Convicts—Bushrangers—
The Natives—From Sidney to Melbourne overland—
The old Colony Road—Kangaroos—Emus—Marvel-
lous Gum Trees—Half way to Melbourne—Oven's
Diggings—Dissatisfaction—Prospecting News From
Florida.

LIFE, and I may say society in California, naturally presented many remarkable phases in the early days of the gold discoveries, and for a long time succeeding them. Volumes have been written, innumerable sketches, denunciatory and otherwise, have illustrated those wonderful times, and present a clear picture of the marvellous conglomeration of men of all nations, and the good and the evil

characteristics they possessed, which were stamped on the face of the land and on its history.

The English system of penal colonization prevailing in Australia must have rendered the social condition of that region infinitely worse than anything ever known in California. The reign of terror in California is distinctly traceable to the influx or deportation of Australian convicts from Sidney, and elsewhere, to San Francisco. There was no crime in California until these outlaws landed on its shores, and the state of affairs in the country whence they came will probably be better imagined than described. The general aspect and "lay" of the land must also have been prejudicial to order and law; its vastness, its impenetrable forest, boundless plains, etc., We read horrible tales of its dark jungles, where even the disciplined police dared not venture; of desperate bushrangers, who hung about camp-fires of travellers, and cut them off to a man; blood-thirsty natives with spears and boomerangs; organized banditti led by and composed of convicts who had escaped their chains; fearful

scenes of murder and rapine. There is nothing in the annals of California that can compare with it, although an extensive police system was in operation, which the miners were heavily taxed to maintain.

The course taken by DeMilt to reach the distant city of Melbourne, was simple and not easily mistaken. He had merely to follow the old Colony road. After providing himself with the necessary tools, provisions, etc., he started. An average of perhaps ten or twelve miles per day was easily accomplished, and, as DeMilt had nothing in particular to hurry him, he proceeded leisurely and steadily, sometimes on foot, sometimes in wagons. As a rule he was enabled to procure a good stopping-place at nightfall, in one of the many inns or stations on the road, which seemed to be situated about a day's journey apart. Many drays were constantly passing and repassing on the road, laden principally with wheat, and driven in tandem, with two, three, and four horses.

The climate, as this territory is situated in the Southern semi-tropical Zone, was temperate. It was clothed in the beautiful green of

summer as DeMilt passed through it. The most extensive and best pasturage on the globe was to be found here, and the soil was favorably adapted to the growth of wheat, and other small grains. Many natives were seen *en route*. They are of a peculiarly repulsive appearance, and in DeMilt's estimation contrasted unfavorably with a Digger Indian, which up to that time he had supposed the lowest order of humanity. Squatty, of low stature, spindle-shanked, with protuberant paunches, straight hair, coarse as that of a horse's tail, naked, with the exception of an apron of cloth or Kangaroo skin, they are immeasurably filthy, gluttonous, cowardly and treacherous.

Proceeding by leisurely stages, DeMilt at length arrived at Oven's Diggings, so called from the appearance of the native huts which were found there, and which more than anything else resembled ovens. He had started in company with one of the passengers of the "Galatea," named Wormsley. Wormsley had lagged behind in one way and another, and the two had parted company. The captain of the "Galatea," however, had made his way to Oven's Diggings.

This was the only one, besides himself, on the ground from that vessel.

Five thousand men, a motley, incongruous, but picturesque gathering, were delving, like prairie dogs, into the surface of the earth at Oven's Diggings, Australia. After paying the license demanded, one pound ten, DeMilt took off his coat, and grabbing a pick made the dirt fly with his accustomed vigor. He worked actively here for some days. But it didn't "pan-out" to suit him. Two or three dollars a day was, with his utmost exertions, all he could average. This was not the way he had done in California, and the result was that he soon became an inveterate prospector. He was on the move from morning until night, and occasionally absent for days at a time. The neighborhood of Oven's Diggings was once subject to destructive tornadoes, and much damage was done thereby at different periods. Here, also, was to be seen the famed gum-tree, of great height and enormous diameter. Many of the largest were often found to be perfectly hollow inside, a mere shell, as it were, which, though comparatively thin, was quite sufficient

for the firm support of the tree. These cavities were often of great size, and were utilized in some instances as granaries, and were often lived in.

In the course of conversation one day with a young miner, DeMilt, to his surprise, found that his acquaintance was from the State of Florida. He questioned the young man eagerly as to affairs in the locality in which remained his young sister and friends, and was informed that Port Leon, where he had lost his parents and left his sister, had been washed away and destroyed by a terrific hurricane in the year 1842. DeMilt had written many letters to his friends in Florida, and, receiving no reply, had imagined that they had died, had removed, or that disaster of some kind or other had overtaken them. The information derived from this young miner, the first news he had received from Florida in thirteen years, confirmed him in the sad belief that his sister was irretrievably lost to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Pollard, the Santa Fe Hunter and Indian Fighter—The Sidney Bird's Secret—The Mysterious River, and its gold-laden Bed—Preparations for making Search.

IN the course of his stay at Oven's Diggings, DeMilt became acquainted with a miner from the States, by the name of Pollard. Tall, athletic, straight as an arrow, hardy and bronzed by exposure to the weather, with a noble face, that expressed the most indomitable energy, determination and bravery, Pollard was a fine specimen of the typical western man. Born in the State of Illinois, and removing in his early years across the plains, Pollard had passed his career digging, scouting, and fighting Indians. He had spent the most of his life in the wild country about Sante Fe. Innumerable conflicts with desperate men, white and red, had left their

traces on his person. His broad breast was a network of scars from steel and lead. Many scars disfigured his face, but his clear, dark eye, still shone with the expression of an eagle's. He was a rough, untutored man, but sound to the core; honest, steadfast, like Jim Bludso's hero, the engineer of the *Prairie Belle*, he was, perhaps

——“ an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, nor he never lied—
I reckon he didn't know how.”

DeMilt's acquaintance with Pollard was destined to be an eventful one in the lives of both men. More than once, in the course of their subsequent adventures, was all of Pollard's experience, skill and bravery called into play to extricate them from the “tight places” in which they often were placed, as the reader of these pages will see before he has finished their perusal.

Pollard had been among the first to venture in the gold diggings of California. He had prospected, cooked, dug, washed dirt, etc., with varying luck for some time, in the new Eldo-



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rado, but had never made "his pile," as the saying goes. He had, in the course of his wanderings in the gold country, become acquainted to a certain extent, with a convict from Sidney, Australia. This fellow had been released on a ticket-of-leave, and, watching his chances, had eluded the strict surveillance put upon such criminals, and left for good, going to California. The hurly-burly in California, where it seemed as though men of all grades and stations in life had been shaken up together, as beans might be shaken up in a bag, had thrown Pollard and this old "lag" together. At any rate, one evening, while Pollard and his mate were counting up the proceeds of a hard day's work, and complaining some of their hard luck, the dirt did not "pan" well, the convict happened to be present. Affecting a mysterious air he told them that they were fools to be wasting their time and wearing out their lives in that part of the world, when in other localities they might scoop it up by the handful, with scarcely any labor. When questioned, he hinted at a river in Australia which he had seen with his own eyes, the bed of which was laden with the

precious metal in the shape of shining dust and nuggets. He stated that while ranging the bush in Australia, for what purpose the reader may readily divine, he, and, perhaps, a comrade or two, had discovered the treasure. Either from fear of capture, or from other causes, they were forced to leave it unmolested, to a great extent, though it is not improbable that their passage was paid to California with gold taken from the stream in question. Of course, it was impossible for the convicts to have worked it to advantage, or to have been benefited by the gold after it was acquired. They did not bear the world sufficient good-will to communicate the facts of the discovery, and had they ever informed the officials of the British government, it would simply have been a matter of individual gain to those functionaries, they would have profited nothing. It is more than likely that the discovery of this golden hoard, on the beds of that river, was signalized by some fearful crime. Too often has this been the case. Far from the haunts of man, in the midst of a desert waste of limitless extent, and with three or four bandits—who stopped at no crime for gain

to share a suddenly acquired treasure of millions,—who knows what tale the dark waters of that river might tell, could it disclose its secret as it murmurs onward to the sea?

Pollard immediately proposed that the convict should return with them to Australia, guide them to the secret river—and get the gold. This, the convict very quickly declined. Once out of the clutches of the Melbourne police, he did not propose to revisit Australia for all the gold that was to be found there—and so he stated. He gave, at Pollard's request, however, the clearest idea he could of the route of the river, its location, and the manner of getting to it. Pollard took careful notes of all he said, and, under the convict's instruction, prepared a rude chart or map of the adjacent country, and of the river. He manifestly believed the narrative of the Sydney bird, and it was easily seen that he was preparing to act upon it.

Pollard had determined to find the gold, and without more ado the camp was broken up. San Francisco was reached, an outfit purchased, passages taken to Australia, and now we find them at Oven's Diggings—digging gold, and

just becoming acquainted with the hero of this volume—towards whom Pollard had manifested a strong liking. DeMilt's energetic mode of life, his incessant prospecting, etc., had attracted Pollard. He liked DeMilt's "style" more and more upon acquaintance, and soon communicated to him the secret which he had become possessed of in California.

Among other things, the convict had stated that the rich treasure was situated less than one hundred miles from Oven's Diggings, in the direction of Cape Howe—their present locality being the outpost, as it were, beyond which stretched an unlimited wilderness. Pollard's party consisted of himself and two others, named Alexander and Marsh. DeMilt was advised of the plan, and an immediate start for the secret river was determined upon. It was decided to have Marsh remain and take care of the camp, outfit, etc., while Pollard, DeMilt, and Alexander, with a pack-horse and provisions, were to make search for the convict's treasure.

CHAPTER XV.

The Start—Shadowed by the Miners of Oven's Gulch—
Feinting—The Wrong Trail—Wanderings in the Bush
—Lost in the Wilds of Australia—Kangaroos and
Emus—Battling with the Savages.

AFTER it had been fully determined to make a thorough search for the enormous treasure—the secret of which had been somewhat romantically imparted to them by the Australian convict—no time was lost in perfecting all the arrangements for carrying out the plan successfully. A pack horse was procured, provisions, arms, etc., looked up, and soon all was in readiness.

There is a constant surveillance kept on one another by the members of a mining camp, and the actions and movements of all are narrowly scrutinized. Considering the arduous toil and unceasing drudgery of a gold-miner's life, the

unending scraping, delving, washing, cooking, etc., it is one of the most wretched of all occupations. Yet withal it is attended by circumstances affording a continual and intense excitement. The constant suspense—when the turn of a shovel may bring forth a fortune to the lucky individual who wields it; after even the longest and most unsatisfactory labor; the feverish search for rich locations; the never relinquished hope that a blow of the pick, a stroke of the spade, will expose to daylight the treasure that is to make him independent forever.

DeMilt, as I have before stated, was badly disgusted with the outlook at the diggings, and was continually “prospecting”—looking out for a locality that promised more profitable employment. He remained away from camp sometimes for days, and was by more than one miner suspected of having “struck” something rich—although, of course, he said nothing. He was watched closely, and followed. When the miners, therefore, saw him and his mates preparing to depart, with tools, provisions, etc., and fully armed and equipped for travelling

and digging, their suspicions were fully verified, their vigilance was redoubled—they watched them as a cat watches a mouse.

Pollard and DeMilt had no desire to let the five thousand miners of Oven's Diggings into their secret—at least, not until they had realized from it; they were fully advised of the watch and ward kept upon their movements, and acted accordingly. All their steps had been taken with the greatest possible secrecy, and when all was in readiness, a series of feints, or false starts, were made, to throw the men who were "shadowing" them off the scent. Starting, for instance, in the early morning, with their followers not far behind, they would manage to elude the anxious miners and return by a roundabout path to the camp from whence they started. It would perhaps be several hours before the "shadows" could discover the ruse, and make their way back, arriving hours after DeMilt and Pollard, hot and weary, and cursing the extraordinary precautions and shrewdness of the party they were trailing.

Finally, one night, in pitch darkness, the little party led their horse out, left the camp, and

proceeding some miles, quietly awaited daylight to pursue their course. Notwithstanding the vagueness of their directions, and the uncertainty attending their venture, the men felt confident and hopeful. Pollard's skill in woodcraft and experience as a mountaineer was considered ample, not only to get out of any difficulty, but to pilot them straight to the gold. After examining again the data furnished by the convict, and consulting together fully, they plunged boldly ahead.

It was not long before the last trace of the civilized settlement was left far in the rear. Even Oven's Diggings was on the outermost frontier, and with the exception of an occasional stockman's cabin, and his grazing herds of sheep, nothing denoting civilized life was to be seen, and the country became wilder and rougher momentarily. Large numbers of wild animals, birds, etc., were observed. The kangaroos, with enormous leaps, clove through the dense undergrowth, strange serpents glided hissing beneath them, while in the open plains stalked, at express train speed, the gigantic emu—exactly the counterpart of the ostrich, except

for the dark brown of his plumage. It was known that the natives of the interior were insolent and often hostile to travelling parties, but well armed with rifles, revolvers and bowie-knives, the men had little to fear from the squalid savages, whose weapons were chiefly clubs, boomerangs and spears. Onward, under the glare of the semi-tropical sun, fording rivers, crossing vast savannahs, penetrating dense forests, the march continued. Several unlooked for difficulties retarded their progress, but finally, after some days out, they began to experience those mysterious and uneasy sensations that men feel when their advance, under such circumstances, is unsatisfactory. Something, they knew not what, seemed wrong. Miles from men of their own race, in a savage wilderness, perhaps they might irretrievably lose their way and perish. It was a wild-goose chase, at best, this hunt for gold, which, perhaps, never had an existence, save in the imagination of a convicted and transported felon—to whose wild tale Pollard listened in California—thousands of miles from the mysterious river. They reassured themselves with the thought that, per-

haps, anyhow one route was as good as another, if they kept the general direction accurately, and plodded onward. Sixty, seventy miles—the supposed distance of the treasure from Oven's Diggings—were traversed, and yet no gold. The thing looked serious. Pollard assured them that his woodcraft was not at fault; that he had followed the Sidney bird's directions exactly; they must be near the place. After wandering about for some days, looking in vain for the river, they began to consider the task a hopeless one, and to reconcile themselves to a life of some weeks, perhaps, in the woods, trying to find their way back to the settlement. They were lost. Lost in the wilds of Australia! To add to their troubles, they were confronted one day with a band of ten or fifteen natives, with their women, or "gins," as they were called. The natives were evidently surprised at seeing men with white faces in the woods. Perhaps these were the first they had ever seen. Instinctively, the Indians began begging with some insolence from the white men, who declined to give them anything, saying that they needed all their goods for themselves. They were lost, and

must get back to the settlement. The natives, who had probably never been subjugated, hereupon became enraged, their insolence increased, and they intimated that unless they were liberally supplied they would help themselves to whatever suited their fancy, and began to handle their weapons ominously. The white men began instinctively to finger the locks of their rifles, and loose their bowies in their belts. It was a "ground hog case" with the whites. The natives evidently meant murder, and the whites had to choose between robbery, which meant starvation to them, or a brave man's death with his face to the foe in battle. Things looked gloomy for that little band of palefaces, in the land of the kangaroo.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Fight with the Natives—Discomfiture of the Savages—Flight of the Women—Perilous Situation of the Party—The Wanderings in the Australian Bush—Travelling by Night—Abandonment of their Horse and Pack—Settlements at Last—Return to Oven's Diggings—The Second Start for Buckley River—Success—Mining Operations—Melbourne.

It was manifest that the natives had determined upon desperate measures. Their coal-black and hideous visages worked convulsively. This was perhaps the richest booty they had ever seen, and they had determined to secure it. The fingers of the white men twitched as they handled their weapons; they were equally determined to resist spoliation to the last gasp.

Pollard and DeMilt conferred together hurriedly. It was decided to fight if other measures failed. They were not long kept in suspense.

A stalwart native hurled his spear—without effect. The rifles of the whites exploded simultaneously, and with clubbed guns and drawn revolvers they made a rush on their astounded enemies. In less time than I can write it, every male of the party was prostrate, stunned, or killed outright, and the “gins” ran howling to the woods. It was known that the black rascals were in strong force in this locality, and it was certain that the “gins” or women would soon reach the main body, report the battle, and bring a horde of savages upon them. So, without waiting to ascertain the extent of the damages inflicted on the natives, the whites beat a hurried retreat.

The situation of DeMilt, Pollard, and Alexander was scarcely less desperate now than when they first met the savages. They had incurred the deadly enmity of the natives, and knew that the latter would lose no opportunity to revenge themselves. The whites made the utmost haste to leave the scene of the encounter far behind. When they reached a place of present safety, the situation was discussed, and their plans for escape laid. It was decided to

abandon their animal, which was now badly jaded, reserve such articles as they could easily carry, and travel only by night. This was done. Provisions soon ran short; they dared not discharge their guns. They dared not build fires. At night, when they wearily picked their way through the wilderness, the camp-fires of the savages could be seen glimmering in the distance. The stock of provisions which they had taken from the pack-horse, when that animal was abandoned, was soon entirely exhausted, and they were compelled to live on roots, nuts, berries and bird's eggs. Here the manna, from a certain tree of the country, stood them in good stead. It was the first DeMilt had ever seen.

After five or six days, in the course of which they underwent many terrible hardships, including another brush with a wandering band of six or eight savages, they came upon a sheep path, which led to a large ranch, conducted by white men, where they were hospitably received, and where they remained a day or two to recover from their exhausting travels. The main road was not far distant from this refuge.

They reached the road safely, and found themselves forty or fifty miles below Oven's Diggings and the point where they had left it on entering the woods in search of the treasure which thus seemed to elude their quest. This distance was traversed on foot, and Oven's Diggings regained in two days.

After fully recovering from the effects of their late hazardous explorations in the wilds of the Australian bush, it was determined to start again immediately, and this time to find the treasure or know the reason why. On the first expedition, Marsh had remained at the diggings to take care of the effects of the absent ones, etc. It was now determined to permanently leave Oven's Diggings, to pack everything they had in a cart, take Marsh with them, and renew the hunt. Could anything better illustrate the daring and indomitable courage of the adventurers?

The mysterious stream, known as Buckley River, was considered as being but sixty or seventy miles distant, and they had been told by the Sidney convict, in California, that a cart could reach it or go very near it.

Another start was made. This time there were no slips, and at the end of three days they drew in sight of a river which fully answered the description of the Sidney bird. After some search up and down its banks, their long efforts were rewarded with the sight of what appeared to be an unlimited quantity of gold—in dust and small nuggets. After staking off double claims, they proceeded to take out the precious stuff. They had, in the meantime, been closely watched and followed—this time to some purpose—for the miners had some way or other got wind of the affair. In less than two days, 5,000 men were on the banks of Buckley River—Ovens' Diggings was deserted.

In consequence of their efforts, and the virtual discovery of these valuable diggings, Pollard's party was allowed double claims by the British Government, the license tax, one pound ten per month, remitted, and a gratuity in gold given to them. They at once went to work, wing-dammed the creek, and put in what was called a Long Tom. After operations, which occupied twenty-eight days, they took out a total amount in gold of nearly 50,000 dollars, to be

divided among six—the party originally consisted of seven when operations were commenced, but one of them becoming discontented, was bought out. DeMilt was sick during the whole time. Provisions were held at enormous prices, and rum, which was the principal beverage of the miners, retailed at five dollars per bottle.

The camp on Buckley River was now abandoned. De Milt laid out a part of his treasure in horses, taking them to Melbourne, and realized a nice profit on them. DeMilt stayed in Melbourne about a week, looking around, and recuperating. He had after eleven months in Australia—after eleven months of hardship and peril—amassed a snug sum, but large as the amount was, it was not enough for DeMilt. Let the next chapter tell of what took him from Australia and across the Pacific.

CHAPTER XVII.

The South American Gold Discoveries—Emigration to the Head-waters of the Amazon—The Excitement worked up by Interested Parties—DeMilt Resolves to go to Peru—The Good Ship “Boomerang”—Crossing the Pacific—Callao.

DURING the twenty-eight days spent in the diggings on Buckley River, extravagant reports concerning reputed gold discoveries in South America, on the head-waters of the Amazon had been disseminated throughout the camp. Letters from parties said to be in South America were sent to the camp, and read and circulated there; glowing accounts were rehearsed by shipowners and others, and considerable excitement was worked up. The true inwardness of this movement was afterwards apparent, and was briefly as follows:—

Large numbers of ships, and, in fact, vessels



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of all kinds, were constantly arriving from England laden with varied merchandise for the colonies. The traffic was an immense and profitable one. But it had several drawbacks; one serious one. After the long trip, heavily laden, around the Cape of Good Hope, and the unloading of the cargoes at Australian ports, they were doomed to a long and fruitless return voyage—fruitless, because there were no passengers or freight to take back. The ingenuity of the British skippers and charter parties and owners was equal to the occasion. Indeed, when has it not been? A bright idea occurred to them. Why not get up a gold excitement in South America, and reap a rich harvest in passenger traffic across the Pacific? Besides, was there not eighty or ninety miles below Callao, Peru, the Chincha Islands, with their rich guano deposits? Why not, after landing a ship load of emigrants at Callao, drop down to the Chincha Islands, load up with guano, and return to England, *via* Cape Horn, thus completing the circumnavigation of the globe, and reaping a splendid harvest? No sooner said than done.

The excitement in regard to the South

American gold discoveries was fanned to fever heat by the exertions of these parties. The result more than equalled their anticipations. Hundreds and thousands of men paid their passage to Peru. The skippers and charter owners were enriched. They were contented. Hundreds of human lives were sacrificed, fortunes wrecked, hopes dashed to earth. But the commerce of England was benefited, and when did England ever look farther than that?

DeMilt, as we have stated, remained in Melbourne, looking around, for upwards of a week. He visited Auckland, New Zealand, and Hobart town, Van Dieman's Land, etc., without finding anything with which to employ himself to any profit. He determined to depart from Australia, and, very naturally, looked favorably on the movement towards South America. His mind was soon made up. The great three-decker and full-rigged ship "Boomerang" rode at anchor in the harbor. Capt. Flynn, a full-blown Irishman, with a weather-beaten face, and close-cropped side whiskers, was the commander. She was of 1,600 tons burden, and was manned

by forty able seamen, exclusive of her officers. Two hundred dollars in gold was the price of a passage from Melbourne to Callao. DeMilt bought a ticket, had his baggage sent on board, the anchor was weighed, and the "Boomerang" had soon passed out of Bass' Strait *en route* to Callao. She was built in New Brunswick, and owned in Dublin, and was fitted up fairly well for one hundred and twenty passengers. This was in March, 1854.

The voyage lasted about forty days. Gales and stiff winds prevailed more or less during the entire passage: two men were lost after they had been out twenty days. The ship was going at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour when the poor fellows were ordered aloft to take in a studding sail. While engaged in this, an accident occurred through a faulty rope or boom, and they were precipitated overboard. The ship was sailing before the wind, and while she was brought to as soon as possible, and put back to the place where the seamen were lost, life-buoys ropes, casks, etc., had been thrown to the unfortunate men, but no trace of them could be found, and they were obliged to con-

tinue without them. The lookout on the mast-head of the "Boomerang" soon after sighted the mysterious island of San Lorenzo, and the stirring cry of "land ho!" rang through the vessel. Although the voyage was one of the most rapid on record in those days, the passengers were glad enough of the prospect of soon disembarking.

San Lorenzo is a small island, about fifteen English miles in circumference. It rises boldly to the right, as you head inshore towards the fine approach of the harbor of Callao, and is long and narrow. It is intersected by a ridge of sharp hills, which extends throughout its entire length. The highest of these hills is about 1,300 feet above the sea level. It abounds in seal, sea otter, and swarms of sea birds. Many remarkable changes have taken place in the coast of San Lorenzo within a few centuries. The island is said to be of volcanic origin, and many odd tales are told concerning it. It is visited principally by fishermen. Just behind San Domingo lies the bay of Callao, large and calm, into which flows the Rimac river and other streams. The beach is flat and

shingly, and marshes abound near the mouth of the Rimac. A small boot-shaped tongue of land stretches from the fortress westward to San Lorenzo. Here is the site of old Callao, overwhelmed by the sea in the earthquake of 1746. Travellers have related that on calm days, with a clear sky, the old town may be still seen beneath the waves.

Callao, the modern town, is a small, dirty place, flea-haunted, and built up with adobe houses, or something worse. Many of them are slightly built, with walls of reeds, plastered with mud, and with flat roofs formed of mats, also similarly plastered. The old fortress of San Felipe, with its yellow walls and cheese-shaped turrets, is a conspicuous object of interest. The old fortress bore the Spanish flag upon its massive battlements long after the other dependencies of Spain had thrown off the yoke. Here the Spanish General Rodil threw himself into the castle, and with great bravery sustained a siege of a year and a half's duration. Of 4,000 persons who had taken shelter in the fortress, less than 200 survived the siege. This castle has been the scene of many sanguinary

battles and revolutions ; many devastating wars have swept the region, many earthquakes have shaken it to its foundation.

It was DeMilt's intention, and the intention of the others, to cross the Andes forthwith, and proceed to the alleged gold fields of the headwaters of the Amazon. And now duly installed in the land of the Incas, the land of gold, the land of earthquakes and revolutions, behold him disembarking at Callao, and preparing to start immediately for Lima. Here the party was to organize permanently, procure provisions, mules and mining tools. Running parallel with the old *Camine real*, once paved and lined with trees, but now utterly neglected, is the railroad. DeMilt and his comrades took the train, and in the course of an hour arrived at Lima, 512 feet above the sea. The ascent, with the little puffing, wheezing locomotives, is slow, and gives ample time for a leisurely inspection of the intervening country. The road between Callao and Lima traverses a parched and arid waste, divided up by old mud walls, with an occasional dilapidated ranche, and here and there a green field of alfalfa. Thorough irrigation would

make a garden of the whole. This has been attempted to a certain extent, and the long lines of the *azequias*, or irrigating canals, are plainly marked, where they do exist, by willows, cerves and creepers.

Cock-fighting is a wonderfully popular amusement in Callao; indeed, so greatly was it indulged in at one time, that police regulations were enacted to put a stop to the sport. These laws were ridiculed, and fell still born. DeMilt attended one exhibition at Callao, and the following, from a popular writer, describes the scene well,—

“An elderly gentleman with a rusty mustache was sitting in a chair scooped out of a block of mahogany, and held in his left hand a pack of small printed cards, the tickets of admission to the rascally arena. Having paid him two *reals*, he drew aside a torn pink calico curtain, and with a gracious *entren ustedes Senores*, bowed, stroked his mustache, and resumed his collection of *reals*. A second after, the Martyrs found themselves in a windy, wooden building, which seemed to them, for all the world, like a cow-shed that had

been converted into something resembling a circus.

“ The place was crowded. All classes of society were represented there. The merchant and the peddler—colonels with blazing epaulets and half-naked privates—doctors, lawyers, Government clerks, fathers of families, genteel gentlemen with ample waistcoats and grey heads, youths of eighteen and under—the latter peppered with the spiciest pertness, and boiling all over with a maddened avidity for *pesos* and *cuartas*.

“ The benches of the theatre rise one above another, forming a square, within which, on the moist clay floor, inclosed by a slight wooden barrier eighteen inches high, is the fatal ring. In a nook, to the right of the pink calico curtain, stands a small table, upon which the knives, the twine for fastening them, the stone and oil for sharpening them, the fine-toothed saw for cutting the *gaffs*, and all the other exquisite odds and ends, devised for the deadly equipment of the gladiators, are laid out. The knives used in this butchery are sharp as lancets and curved like cimeters. While the

lists are being arranged, and the armorers are busy lacing on the gyves and weapons of the combatants, and many an ounce of precious metal is risked on their chances of life and death, the gladiators pertinaciously keep crowing with all their might, and in the glossiest feather saucily strut about the ring as far as their hempen garters will permit them.

“ It was remarked, the moment they entered, that the betting was high and brisk. Gold pieces changed hands with dazzling rapidity. The natives are proverbial for their economy and caution. Outside the cock-pit they never spend a *medio*—not so much as half a dime—if they can help it. Inside this charmed circle, they are the most prodigal of spendthrifts. One sallow lad particularly struck them. He had neither shoes nor stockings—not so much as a scrap of raw ox-hide to the sole of his foot. But had every pimple on his face been a ruby—and his face was a nursery of pimples—he could not have been more bold and lavish with his purse. It came, however, to a crisis with him. Stretching across to take the bet of another infatuated sportsman in broadcloth

and embroidered linen, he staked a fistful of gold on a red cock of the most seductive points and perfectly irresistible spunk. It was all he had in the world. There was a fluttering of cropped wings, a snaking of scarlet crests, a crossfire of murderous glances, a sudden spring, a bitter tussle, fuss and feathers, a pool of blood, and the fistful of gold—all that the sallow-skinned, pimple-faced prodigal had in the world—was gone! ”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lima—Ciudad de Los Reyes—Its Foundation and Early History—Cathedrals, Churches, etc.—Climate—Population—Character of the Inhabitants—Women of Lima—The Cholas—Preparing to Cross the Andes—The Arriero—The Start—Climbing the Cordillera.

LIMA, from its elevation above the sea level, is in plain view of the harbor of Callao. It is situated at the base of a series of high hills. These tiers of hills increase in height as they recede towards the interior, until above them all, and far inland, arise, pushing above the clouds, the tall peaks of the *Nevadas*, or snowy Cordilleras.

Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, while coasting about for a suitable capital for his subjugated dominions, hit upon that of Lima, and founded the city in the year 1535, on January

6th, the day of the festival of Epiphany. On this day was our Saviour manifested to the *Magi*, or wise men of the East, styled by tradition the "three kings." Following the custom which then prevailed, *i.e.*, the naming of towns from the saints or martyrs upon whose festival days they were captured or founded, Pizarro gave his future capital the name of *Ciudad de Los Reyes*, the City of the Kings. The arms of the city, as granted by the King, are three golden crowns on an azure field, with a royal star. Lima was the seat of wonderful wealth and power for many years, and also one of the most important ecclesiastical dependencies of the Catholic Church. Institutions of learning and gorgeous cathedrals were founded. Here was born, and here died, Santa Rosa, the only American woman who ever attained the honor of canonization. Pizarro was assassinated in Lima, and his bones rest in one of its churches. It possesses greater historical interest, perhaps, than any city founded by the Spanish on the American continent.

With dirty streets, and narrow sidewalks, the houses slightly built and fantastically painted,

with throngs of Chalos, wearing greasy ponchos and dilapidated hats; and troops of burros, carrying panniers heavily laden, and jostling passers-by, perhaps the impressions of our party were not of the most pleasant character on entering Lima for the first time. The city has a population of 120,000. There are eighty churches. The women of the upper classes are invariably closely veiled when appearing in public, generally disposing of the mantilla, however, in such a manner as to permit the free use of one eye. It is a popular remark that "it never rains in Lima," which is comparatively true. Mist and dews, however, of sufficient heaviness to take the place of rain, are frequent.

After sufficient sight-seeing had been indulged in by the party, an organization was effected and a company formed to cross the mountains. *Arrieros*, or native muleteers, were hunted up, and contracts made with them to furnish pack animals and others for riding. About thirty men composed the party, each being provided with pick, pans, shovels, and fire-arms. All being in readiness, the word was given, and the company filed along, following

the course of the Rimac River for a considerable distance. The company was really without any particular commander ; every man paid the arriero the cost of the mules furnished him ; it was a sort of independent, go-as-you-please arrangement, in which DeMilt was equally or, perhaps, more prominent, than any other one man. DeMilt's experience certainly justified him in taking the lead, but this he declined to do. It is a fact, however, that of the thirty men who crossed the summit of the Andes, DeMilt and *one* other were the only men who actually followed the Amazon to its mouth, and ended the trip at Pera.

The train proceeded slowly along, constantly ascending. The course of the Rimac was followed for the first few days. Quantities of alfalfa and lucerne, in the valley of the Rimac River, furnished sufficient pasturage for the mules, though all beyond looked blank and desolate. The first day ten miles were travelled. On the second day's journey the road continued good ; but the valley gradually narrowed, the hills becoming higher and more barren. Llamas and mules were met coming down the moun-

tains. The llama is principally used for conveying silver from the mines, requiring but little food and water, and is capable of travelling about fifteen miles a day, with a load of one hundred pounds. It is closely allied to the well-known alpaca, though larger, and of a greyish-brown color. The llama is of a gentle and inoffensive disposition, like its masters, the chalos. DeMilt, who was ignorant of the habits of the animal, happened to annoy one of them, when it suddenly cast a stream of saliva at him, narrowly missing his face. He avoided them after that, but soon learned that this was their only weapon or means of defence.

St. Ynes, the residence, in Spanish times, of a justice of the peace, was soon reached. Here the stream approached the hills so closely that no room was left for the road; this was consequently cut out of the side of the hill. It was necessarily very narrow, and here the arrieros sent out men in advance with horns to warn approaching trains coming down the mountain. Terrible accidents have ensued from the unexpected meeting, on narrow paths, of parties going in opposite directions. Bathing and

other sports, flirting with the *senoras*, dancing, etc., were indulged in *en route*. The nights in the Cordillera were cool and wonderfully beautiful, and the stars sparkled with unequalled brilliancy. The first bridge over the Rimac was crossed safely on the third or fourth day. Numbers of tambos, or inns, and mining haciendas were passed on the western slope of the Cordilleras, and large numbers of llamas, bearing the ore down the mountain sides, were met. The silver mines of the Cordillera are worked by Indians, who generally live in squalid huts near the hacienda. They are furnished from the storehouses, and are consequently kept in debt. As custom or law does not allow any one to employ a peon who is in debt to his patron, the poor devils are in a condition of almost serfdom, and can escape only by running off to a distant locality where nobody knows them. The fuel used in the reduction of the ore is cattle dung.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Summit of the Andes—Wonderful Storm Scene—An Earthquake above the Clouds—Remains of the Time of the Incas—Cerro DePasco—San Rafael—Ambo Huanaco River, a tributary of the Huallaga—Huanaco City—Break up—Adventure in a Cavern.

It was seven or eight days, in all, before the summit of the Andes, 17,000 feet above the sea level, was gained. Many interesting ruins of buildings of the times of the Incas, and wayside crosses at regular intervals, were seen. Several dangerous looking swing bridges were crossed, and a weary ascent of precipitous roads, cut in the hard rock, and creeping along the verge of dizzy precipices, was made. Blood-shot eyes, bleeding at the nose, and difficulty of breathing, attested the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. Those afflicted with pulmonary disorders seemed least affected.

One day, while at a great altitude, the shock of an earthquake was felt by the party. Far below, in one direction, could be seen the sun shining on bright green slopes, while at the same time, in another direction, a rainstorm, with terrific thunder and lightning, poured down in wrath. An earthquake around them, a thunder-storm below them, a snowstorm overhead, and far, far below the peaceful and smiling valley. It was a sight not easily to be forgotten.

The view from the summit was incomparably grand ; but little more than eighty miles lay between them and the Pacific Ocean, yet they had crossed the " divide " and all streams now emptied into the Atlantic, many thousands of miles distant. The snow-clad peaks of the Andes stretched away in limitless extent, sloping away, bench after bench, into the distance. Commencing the descent, now on the eastern slope, Cerro De Pasco—near which were the extensive silver mines of Mr. Jump, an Englishman—was passed. Nelson joined the party. DeMilt descended the shaft of one of these mines for the distance of half a mile down and

a mile underground, horizontally. The natives who worked these mines carry two pouches, suspended one on each side of their bodies. In one of them they store quantities of leaves from a bush found in the neighborhood; in the other is stored a small amount of soil. A wad of the herb, which looks something like green sassafras, dried, is placed in their cheek, and a little lime inserted by means of a stick. None of this material is withdrawn, and with constant additions the cheek is soon swelled to an extravagant size. By some mysterious agency, these natives, thus provided, are said to be enabled to go without food for days. The towns of Huanaco, San Rafael, and Ambo were successively reached and passed. Some "prospecting" was done after leaving Ambo, but no gold of any consequence was discovered. A small piece was found by DeMilt, worth ten cents, the largest piece found. They were convinced of the swindle involved in the South America gold excitement. The city of Huanaco was soon reached. The river of that name is a tributary of the Huallaga and Amazon. Where DeMilt's party crossed it it was a mere brook.

They stepped across, dry shod. Its source is away up the Andes, near to the summit.

At Huanaco, things looked blue, and a consultation was had. The men were discouraged; some of them were sick. The contract with the arriero who took them across the Andes also expired here, and it was necessary to make fresh arrangements. A stay of three or four days was made at Huanaco, and when DeMilt was ready to start for Perro Blanco, about one half of the party announced their determination to return with the arriero to Lima. There was no help for it, and DeMilt pushed onward with about fifteen companions, having obtained fresh mules.

Proceeding down the road a day or two, and before reaching Chinchao, some of the members of the party noticed a large square stone placed against the face of a bluff on the roadside. On approaching and examining this stone, they found that it concealed the mouth or entrance of a good-sized cavern. Removing the obstruction, the party entered, and found themselves in a large grotto or vault of natural formation. It was cool and roomy, and bore

the marks of recent visitors. Looking about them, the men discovered a large wooden chest, which they opened. It was found to contain a number of gold and silver vessels—evidently the property of some church—and very valuable. DeMilt and a man named Murray were the only Catholics of the party. Here arose a discussion. Some of the men proposed to appropriate the treasure to their own use. This was opposed by both Catholics and by the cooler-headed of the other religions. They argued that the party would never get out of the country alive, that the plundering of this chest would be a sacrilegious act at best, and prevailed upon the others to leave the property unmolested, urging them to replace everything just as they had found it. This was done, and wise was the counsel that prompted the action. Scarcely had they left the cavern and replaced the stone, when a band of ten or twelve Cholas, armed with *machetes*, etc., was discovered in the immediate neighborhood. The heads of the natives were just seen peering over the bushes, regarding them with threatening looks. Even now a difficulty was imminent. DeMilt, how-

ever, assured the Cholas that nothing had been disturbed, that he was a Catholic, and that his men had respected the church property. One or two Cholas went to the cavern and inspected it, leaving the others outside with the whites. Discovering that nothing had been touched, they returned, notified their companions, and all shook hands. The appropriating of that treasure would have resulted in bloodshed, and the whites would have been involved in a contest with the natives of the whole territory, from which, under the circumstances, they would hardly have escaped with their lives.

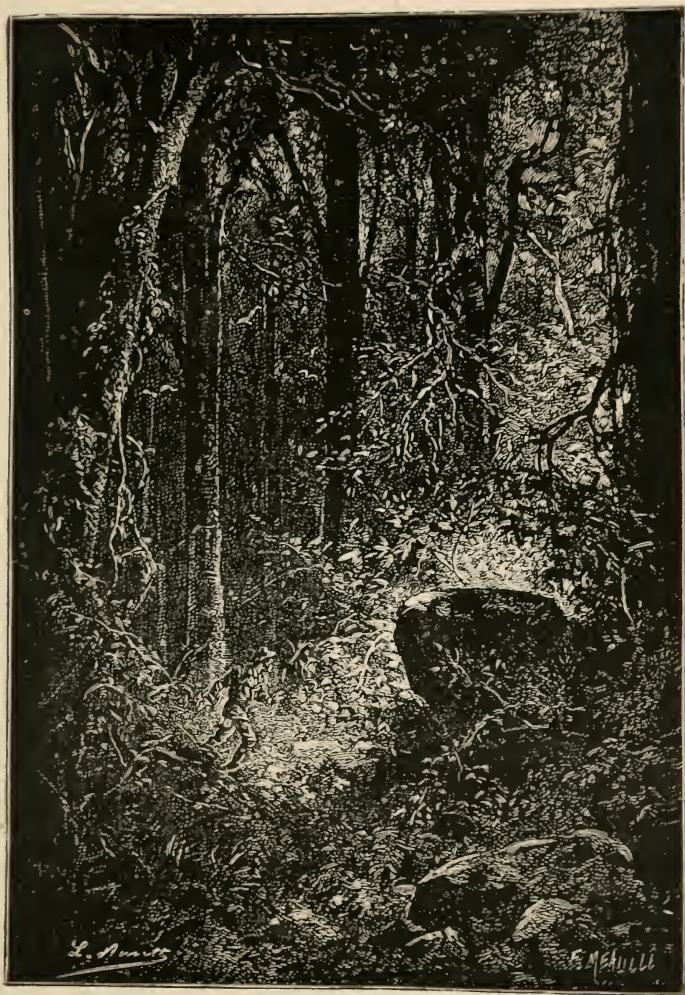
In the course of one of the many fandangos or balls at Huanaco, DeMilt had danced once or twice with a dark-eyed little *Senora*, and had succeeded in arousing the jealousy of her cavalier, which flamed up like tinder when he saw how readily she accepted the attentions of the young Californian. DeMilt and the young lady had just finished a dance to the music of the guitars, and they had strolled out arm in arm into the cool air and moonlight to walk, talk, and rest themselves, when the bravo, who had crept up within striking distance, made a fero-

cious lunge at DeMilt with a dirk, and ran away. DeMilt evaded the blow, and, enraged at the dastard's treachery, drew his bowie and started in hot pursuit. The fellow was in the act of leaping an *adobe* wall, when DeMilt reached him. Just as the fellow arose, DeMilt made a back-hand sweeping cut at him, and inflicted a flesh wound clear across the large and heaviest part of his body—nautically known as the stern post—the point of the bowie probably penetrating a quarter of an inch. The fellow tumbled over the mud wall, howling as though a legion of devils had fallen foul of him. The *fracas* made some little stir, and the *commandante* came down the next day to see about it. When informed of the facts, he laughed and went off, somewhat amused at the transaction. The rascal's friends, however, seemed disposed to take it up, and DeMilt was dogged about Huanaco by suspicious looking fellows, and followed nearly to Mes a Pata. No harm came to him, however, as the rascals dared not openly attack him, and he kept a sharp lookout for them at night.

CHAPTER XX.

Descending the Huallaga Valley—Chinchao—Mesapata—Death of one of the Company—Discouragement and Stampede of the Men—Only Seven Left—DeMilt Encourages the Men—He Determines to Push on—Chinchveta—Tinga Maria—The Head of Canoe Navigation on the Huallaga—Attempt to get Canoes—Treachery of the Commandante—Desperate Situation of the Party.

THE course of the party, after leaving Huanaco, lay down the valley of the Huallaga, with a fairly good, although rocky road. The Huallaga river, rising high up in the Cordillera, near Cerro de Pasco, where it is a mere brook, gathers strength and volume as it rushes downward to join the Amazon, and is forty or fifty yards in width at Huanaco. Trifling quantities of gold are found in the valley. Small villages and haciendas are frequently met in the valleys



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between spurs of the mountains, which extend down to the river. Cane and alfalfa abound. In a day or two the valley of the Chinchao river was entered. At this point the cultivation of the cocoa commences. The village of Chinchao, containing a church and ten or twelve houses, was reached. Passing successively the villages of Chinchao and Stajo, the serious illness of one of the party, a man named Brown, compelled them to halt at Mesapata (the top of the table) 3,000 feet above the sea. The poor fellow was suffering from dysentery, and was so weak that he had to be supported on his mule by Cholas. He died the first night, and in the same bed with DeMilt. A grave was dug out of the rocky earth, and after reading the Episcopal burial service over him, he was sadly consigned to his last resting-place.

The death of poor Brown had a deep effect on the minds of the men, and caused some of them to turn back, leaving DeMilt and but six others to pursue their perilous journey. DeMilt was not to be stampeded. He called his men together and made them a short speech. He exhorted them to continue, recalled their peril-

ous passage of the Andes, reminded them of their weakened condition, urging that they knew what was behind them but not what was ahead of them, and concluded by telling them that for one he proposed to make the journey, if he had to float down the Amazon on a log and alone. They continued down the mountain side by a rocky path through the bushes. The descent was rough and difficult. Chihuangala, near the mouth of the Chinchaveta river, was reached the next day. This is the last hacienda; further passage for miles is impossible.

The party here awaited the arrival of Chalos from Tinga Maria, the head of canoe navigation on the Huallaga. The baggage was to be transported to Tinga Maria on the backs of Chalos, and the journey to that place to be made on foot. After a day or two, the Chalos arrived, and the passage to the embarcadero commenced at Chihuangala, the party subsisted on yuccas, and bananas; chickens, and pigs were seen, but could not be bought. They suffered greatly from mosquitos, and while here fell victims to the terrible vampire bat. One of the men was one night bled to such

an extent by one of these creatures, that he fainted on rising in the morning. DeMilt's great toe was punctured by a vampire, and he lost blood, but he succeeded in covering himself up with a tolda, or thick mosquito net, and thus avoided them in future.

Reaching Tinga Maria, preparations for continuing the journey by water were made. A day or two was spent in resting and recuperating. In the neighborhood of Tinga Maria large quantities of Peruvian bark are handled, and at Chinchayvitoc is a large hacienda, established by a Balina gentleman, for its collection. From Tinga Maria, the journey to the mouth of the Amazon, some thousands of miles, was to be performed in canoes. Here, again, two of the men flew the track, and struck across the country, in the endeavor to reach Quito, the capital of Ecuador. And well might the boldest of them hesitate. Nine-tenths of the South American continent was before them, to be crossed by the river, in frail canoes. Their route was parallel to, and nearly under, the equator. The country was a wilderness, full of dangerous animals and serpents, and yet more dangerous

men. Very likely, no white faces would be seen by them. It was a task of herculean proportions. Nelson, Murray, Johnson, Armstrong and DeMilt, however, were not ordinary men. They had started, and nothing could turn them back or swerve them from their course. They were the men to follow the Amazon from its source to its mouth, and back again, if necessary.

At Tinga Maria, it seemed for a time impossible to get canoes. After trying in vain for some days, the men went to the alcalde or commandante, stated their case fully, and asked his advice. He was a pompous individual, monarch of all he surveyed, and more too. In conjunction with the cure he ruled the inhabitants with a rod of iron. Tinga Maria was a typical interior South American town. The cure, by the ignorant natives, is worshipped with blind superstition. The commandante is his creature, and obeys him implicitly. From their decision in any case there is no appeal. As Tinga Maria, by virtue of its position at the head of canoe navigation, was a sort of rendezvous for traders from the coast, some

little dickering was done, the commandante and cure "being more arrogant than were the same functionaries in the other towns through which DeMilt's party passed.

This most worshipful rascal, the commandante, after some delay, finally condescended to sell the party a small, rotten, dilapidated canoe for thirty dollars. It was about large enough to carry their baggage. One man could not have floated in it after it was loaded with their dunnage. From the suspicious actions of the commandante, DeMilt was not long in discovering that he was meditating foul treachery. For some reason they had determined to prevent the whites from passing through the country, and meant to detain them there at their mercy, or, by furnishing them with rotten canoes, allow them to perish in the river, among perilous rapids and other dangers. The boat of the alcalde was of course a fine one. His excellency was proprietor of the finest boat in the town, which was no more than was natural, taking his importance into consideration.

The commandante afterwards found to his

cost, that free white men and Americans from the States were not to be bullyragged and trifled with beyond a certain point. He worked it up to that "point," and succeeded in getting our friends wrought up to a pitch of desperation that made terribly dangerous men of them.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Embarkadero—The Commandante's Canoe—DeMilt determined to take it—The Night Attempt—Launching the Canoe—The Rapids—Successful shooting of the Rapids—Chased by Natives—The Battle on the River—Discomfiture of the Savages—The Avant Courier—Corrupting a Commandante.

BEFORE proceeding to a narration of the stirring events in which DeMilt and his comrades were concerned, a brief sketch of Tingo Maria may not be uninteresting. The word Tingo is said to be an Indian word, signifying "the meeting of the rivers." The junction of the Monzon and the Huallaga is just above the town. The Huallaga River is about one hundred yards wide, and quite deep at the Pueblo of San Antonio del Tingo Maria, a pretty village on the left bank of the river. It

is the home of about fifty able-bodied men, and has an entire population of perhaps two hundred, including every soul within a mile or two. It is nearly 3,000 feet above the sea level, and is situated on a sort of plain. Traders visit the place occasionally with cotton goods, knives, etc., which they exchange for tobacco, rice, straw hats, animals, and birds. Pumas, or American tigers, deer, wild hogs, monkeys, parrots, ducks, turkeys, and all varieties of snakes are found in great numbers. Vampires, or spectre bats, are plentiful. The Indians are of a tribe known as Cholas. They use bows and arrows, and blow-guns, with poisoned darts.

The outlook of DeMilt and his friends was decidedly bad. It seemed as though they would be compelled to return to Lima or end their days in the pueblo, as vassals of the pair who ruled it—the cure and the commandante—and, like the suffering natives, contribute tithes of their possessions to the maintenance of these worthies. The fine canoe of the commandante, hollowed out of an enormous log, was sheltered under a thatched roof, at some distance from

the river, and the men cast longing glances at it, and tried in vain to purchase the vice-regal dug-out. Necessity, however, knows no law, neither does it know commandantes of one-horse pueblos on the Huallaga. They determined to defy the authorities, and take the boat. DeMilt's companions were all experienced river men, and two of them had rafted lumber for years on the St. Lawrence River, in the cold latitudes. To them was intrusted the task of taking the commandante's boat. They were to launch it, and, paddling across the river to where DeMilt stood guarding the luggage, they would embark and leave the hated locality. Dangerous rapids roared below them, three or four hundred yards down, which it was necessary they should shoot in the night. This was something which as yet no living man had accomplished; but after closely inspecting them, and cross-questioning the natives in regard to their difficulties, the whites entertained strong hopes of making the pass successfully. A great deal of caution and skill were required to seize the boat. For while the *alcalde's* house and that of the *cure*" were some distance

from the houses of the common herd, as is the custom in that country, and the thatched boat-house was also somewhat isolated, many peons slept and hid around in close vicinity.

However, one dark night, when all was quiet and the moon had gone down, the men crossed the Huallaga, and entered upon the task assigned them. Stealing cautiously to the boat-house, and exerting the utmost care not to disturb the town gentry, they laid hands on the canoe, and after herculean efforts to get it to the water's edge, Fortune seemed to smile on the bold depredators. They launched the vessel, and paddled over to where stood DeMilt awaiting them in breathless suspense. In less time than I can put the words on paper, their effects were transferred from the shore to the dug-out, and they had rushed off into the current. With wonderful good luck the crew managed to shoot the hitherto unattempted rapids in the darkness, and floated in the quiet waters below with a boat half full of water. This was quickly baled out, and they had but fairly started, when they saw torchlights gleaming up stream, and heard the alarm given. The

natives had discovered the theft of the boat, and were in hot pursuit. Probably forty or fifty jumped into canoes, and emboldened by the success of the whites in shooting the rapids, they boldly headed for them. It is likely that some canoes were capsized, and some of the black pursuers were drowned. At any rate, three or four canoes, with their loads, ran the rapids safely, and about sunrise they rowed in upon the whites, who motioned to them, and halloed to them, in Spanish, to approach no nearer. The pop-guns of the natives were discharged, but the venomous darts fell short. As they approached within gunshot, the whites discharged a volley at them, and the howls of the savages and their sudden halt proved the accuracy of their aim. The whites were bound not to take the lives of the natives save in the strictest self-defence. After a volley on the part of the natives, and another volley from the fleeing canoe, the fight was stopped, and the pursuers put back for repairs.

Our friends at this time, deeming that they had well earned a short repose after their paddling and fighting, put in at a small island,

where they prepared food and rested for some hours. While on the island, they noticed a black rascal descending the river, paddling at a rapid rate, in a small canoe, far out in the river. They were at a loss to explain his presence there, which was a very lucky thing for his peace. Had they discovered the object of his mission, his life in all probability would have been forfeited. It was not long, however, before they found out for what the savage descended the river.

The party finally left the little island, and proceeded down the river at a leisurely pace. When, after some days, they arrived at the town of Lapoona, they found the commandante had assembled a force to make prisoners of them. The native whom they had seen paddling down the river had been sent by the rascally alcalde of Tinga Maria to notify the commandante of Lapoona to apprehend the party, and send them back to him with the boat which they had taken. DeMilt gave this personage a "piece of his mind," as the saying goes. He was fully aroused, and ready to dare or do anything. He told the commandante of their ad-

ventures, and gave a full account of themselves. As this individual seemed disposed to arrange the matter by a compromise, they slipped a twenty dollar gold piece into his hand, and promised to leave him the boat. This was agreed to, and after hiring another boat, chalos, and provisions, they were allowed to depart without molestation.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Journey Down the Huallaga—Salt Mountains of the Pongo of Chasuta—The Mala Paso—Monkey Meat—El Alma Perdido—Panama Hats—Villages and Comandantes—The Mouth of the Huallaga—Padre of Laguna.

AFTER procuring the proper passports, hiring chalos, etc., the party proceeded down stream, approaching the Pongo of Chasuta, up to which point steamers have gone. The place is nearly 4,000 miles from the ocean. It was soon discovered that the courier of the rascally alcalde of Tinga Maria had notified the authorities of all the river towns of the approach of the party. They were often challenged by the alcaldes of these towns, but upon showing their passports and telling their story were permitted to proceed. The display of dignity by these functionaries was frequently very ridiculous ; they exacted the most ceremonious treat-

ment, and expected that all deference be shown them. In the absence of this, they were sour and unaccommodating. At the same time, Lieut. Herndon, in his work on the Amazon, states they would listen readily to a proposition to act for him in the capacity of a servant. Great are the Alcaldes of the South American villages !

In about six or eight hours from Lapuna, the boats neared the Pongo de Sal, or rapids of Chasuta, with their wonderful mountains of salt. Monkey meat was easily procured, and was largely indulged in by the party. Some of the varieties are held by the natives as great delicacies. On one occasion, one of the party having shot a monkey of the size of a house cat, cut off its head, which was of remarkable size, and resolved upon a "bait" of monkey brains. The idea was a rare one, and the manner in which he accomplished it a decided novelty. The chalos, having built a fire on the spot selected for the camp that night, the man with the monkey's head looked around for something in which to cook the brains. Finding nothing to suit his purpose, he removed the top of the skull, and

placed brains, skull and all on the hot coals. The flesh of the animal's face shrivelled in the heat, which caused it to assume a diabolical grin. As soon as the brains were considered well cooked, our friend coolly proceeded to devour them with manifest gusto, the poor monkey, in the meantime, grinning horribly at him. It was quite a feat in its way, and provoked divers sensations in the minds of the witnesses thereof. Hungry men are not particular on the banks of the Huallaga. Several pumas were killed by the party.

In this locality was heard frequently the mournful note of the bird known as *El Alma Perdido*, the last soul. The story of this bird, as told by the naked chalos, over the camp-fires at night, is somewhat as follows:

A peon and his wife left the pueblo one morning to work their little yucca and plantain patches, carrying their child, an infant, with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the child with its father, and cautioning him to take the greatest care of it. Of course the peon sent his wife for the water; that was perfectly natural. On arriving at the

spring the woman found it dried up, and went in search of another farther on. The husband became uneasy at her long absence, and started off to find her, leaving the child behind. It perhaps never occurred to him to carry the child with him. When they returned the child was nowhere to be found. They at once began search for the infant. To their repeated cries they could obtain no answer, save the peculiar wailing note of the bird, which, to their excited fancy, sounded: "pa-pa, ma-ma," the Indian name of the bird to this day.

The Pongo of Chasuta was the next serious obstacle encountered. The river here narrows to forty yards, is thirty feet deep and of great velocity, and abounds in *Malos pasus*. It was with great difficulty that the canoes were safely tided over the rapids; frequently, ropes had to be used and the canoes lowered stern foremost over the most dangerous portions. The most remarkable feature of this locality is the presence of enormous mountains of salt, rock salt hard and white, sometimes mingled with a reddish earth. These mountains rise directly from the river, sometimes to a great altitude.

There is salt here in sufficient quantity to load the fleets of the world. Every year, about August, the Indians of the Moranon and Ucayali make voyages up the Huallaga for supplies of salt. They travel very slowly, hunt and fish, and rob banana patches on the way.

Canoes and chalos were procured at intervals, from town to town, as it were, though only after many annoyances, and by slow stages, the journey to the mouth of the Huallaga progressed. The distance by water from Tinga Maria to Chasuta is three hundred miles. The fall is over four feet to the mile. Seventy-four hours is considered the average length of time in which to make the descent. From Chasuta to the mouth of the Huallaga is two hundred and eighty odd miles, taking nearly the same length of time for its descent.

The party were now entering the lake country, and from this point to the mouth of the Amazon, lakes of various sizes and shapes, and at irregular distances, are to be seen. They are connected by channels with the river. Immense flocks of water-fowl abound, and the natives imagine that these lakes, or many of

them, are guarded by huge diabolical serpents, concerning which many strange traditions are handed down.

Passing the pueblos of Yurimaguas and Santa Cruz, Laguna, twenty miles from the river mouth, is reached. It is the principal town of the district and the residence of the governor. It is a mile or more from the river. Arriving at this point the party landed, called upon the governor, a priest, and were very kindly received, and well fed. Bananas, cooked in all the styles of the country, yuccas, syrup, and an excellent cup of coffee were provided. The natives are excellent boatmen, but addicted to drink. The productions of the vicinity are sarsaparilla, copaiba, cupal, etc., Laguna and parish contain perhaps a thousand inhabitants.

Refreshed by their kind treatment at Laguna, the party waited for boats, procured them, and started with stout hearts down the Huallaga.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mouth of the Huallaga—The Maranon River—Encounter with a Terrible Snake—Fright of the Chalos—A Perilous Situation—Death of the Reptile—Down the Maranon—Resemblance to the Mississippi—The Ucayali River—The Amazon Proper.

TWENTY miles below Laguna, the Huallaga River—which DeMilt and his companions had now descended for over six hundred miles—empties into the Maranon. It was a long, tedious journey, a journey full of hardships privations and dangers. They were not sorry to leave the Huallaga, which had been both a friend and an enemy to them; and they were rejoiced at reaching its mouth; an important stepping stone in their route across the continent was gained. The most difficult portion of this journey of 5,000 miles had been accomplished.

DeMilt and those of his comrades who were



ENCOUNTER WITH A SNAKE

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familiar with the appearance of the Mississippi, were at once struck with the similarity between that noble stream and the river upon which they were now entering for the first time. Both rivers are broad, dark, turbulent, rapid. Both are obstructed by numerous islands. The similarity, save in the foliage of the banks, is commented upon by all travellers.

In the neighborhood of the mouth of the Huallaga, and, in fact, just after they had left Laguna, a terrible adventure with a snake was in store for DeMilt. Seeing a clear space on the bank, and an eddy where they could land, they put in, one clear morning, to cook breakfast. The chalos fastened the canoe to a tree, and started to build a fire. Three of the party went out to hunt *moquoketos*, a monkey about the size of a squirrel, and highly thought of for food, leaving DeMilt behind in charge of the boat. He was in the stern of the boat, fishing. A large tree, about twenty yards up stream, had been undermined by the current, and had fallen over into the river. It still clung to the bank by the roots, although the branches and part of the trunk were in the stream, leaving a few

straggling branches and limbs, with the main trunk, above the surface of the water. Some slight noise attracted DeMilt's attention, and looking around to ascertain the cause, he was horrified to see a monstrous snake on the fallen tree, evidently just coming out of the water, and within a few yards of where our hero was seated. An extract from DeMilt's journal describes the situation graphically,—

“ I sung out to the natives that there was a snake on the tree. They made a sign with their hands, as if greatly excited, and then ran for the boat and wanted to jump in and make out for the stream. But I would not let them, for my chums were in the woods, and I was determined not to leave the place. I told our guides if they dared to leave the shore I would shoot, and that I intended killing the snake. They looked on me with astonishment and said it would kill me and all the crowd, but we could never kill it. I got out of the boat and made them stand where they had been cooking, and told them I would shoot if they dared to move. I then went to a small tree, about eighteen inches in diameter, ten or twelve feet from the

tree on which lay the snake. I had my gun, pistol, and also a bowie knife with me. I had both snake and guides to watch; I was afraid the men would attempt to leave with the boat, and I would be at the mercy of the snake and my partners with me. I crawled up behind this small tree and took aim at the snake. By this time the creature had seen me and his head was then about twenty-five feet off. I was wearing a small Panama hat at the time and I could feel it rise up off my head from the fright. I levelled at him and he had crawled by that time at least five feet nearer, part of his body still coiled around the trunk of the tree. He seemed by instinct to know I was trying to get at him. I fired my first shot and my cap snapped, but I did not lose command over myself. I put on another cap, and even stopped to pick the tube of the gun with a pin. By that time he was within fifteen feet of me: he had raised his head to about four feet from the trunk of the tree, his mouth wide open and a tongue hung out at least three to four inches long; and I could see his fangs, and his eyes snap. I took aim down his throat, and my

shot carried off the top of his head. He dropped on the roots of the tree. The natives ran to me and fell on their knees. They said it was one of the most venomous snakes of the country, and a reward of \$50 was given to those who killed them. We measured it, and it was sixteen feet, seven inches long, tapered at both ends. Its head was large and flat; the color was a brownish-red, checkered gray and black, and it was beautiful to look at. I gave it to the natives and they took the hide off and said they would get the reward for it on their return. In the meantime our men came in and heard the snake story and we all congratulated each other. They brought back with them several small monkeys, ducks, and one or two good sized monkeys. We cooked our provisions for the twenty-four hours and started out, for we never landed but once a day. We had game of some kind almost every day. We never slept ashore, for we were afraid of both natives and beasts, so we drifted along night and day, unless we struck some sand-bar or island, and then we would put in and stop over night."

Under the circumstances, with the treacherous chalos ready to desert with the boat, ready to leave DeMilt and his comrades to perish in the jungle or be devoured by the serpent, the killing of this monster was a splendid exhibition of cool-headed bravery and nerve. That he or any of the party escaped a terrible death by the serpent was a miracle of luck. The snake had probably been watching them from a distance, and was coming up to make a square meal of the party, and their outfit.

Fish and game were plentiful as the canoe glided down the Maranon, towards Nauta. Passing the Parblos of Maranos and San Regis, they arrived at Nauta, at the junction of the Maranon and Ucayali rivers, a distance of two hundred and twelve miles from the mouth of the Huallaga. At this place commences the Amazon proper, and although it is designated by different names for many miles below this, it is the same stream, and I shall henceforth use the term Amazon to avoid confusion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Situation at Nauta—Attempt at Steam Navigation by the Peruvians—The “Huallaga” and “Tirado”—The Fourth of July—Festivities—Gen. Ortez—Getting Ready to Leave Nauta—Formation of a New Party—The General’s Boat—Tabatinga—The Brazilian Frontier.

DRAWING near Nauta, which is a sort of fishing village, of several hundred inhabitants, our party saw white faces on the shore, and were greeted with a hearty hurrah, which there was no mistaking. Those lusty cheers came from none but American throats, and when they landed their hands were grasped by those of about a dozen hearty fellows whose home was the United States. How these men happened to be here will be soon made known.

The Peruvian Government had been trying, for some years previous to DeMilt’s visit, to establish steam navigation on the Upper

Amazon. Several companies had been formed and chartered, but they seemed to lack the element of success, and one after another they collapsed. The government, however, finally contracted with a Dr. Whittemore, of Lima, for the construction of two steamers, to be built at New York, transported to Para in sections, and operated in connection with the steamers of Lower Amazon companies. The steamers, known as the "Huallaga" and "Tirado," were built of Georgia pine; one was 90 feet in length, the other 110 feet. They were put together at Para, and ascended the river to Nauta.

The attempt was a complete failure. The "Huallaga," after reaching Nauta, never turned a paddle wheel. The "Tirado" made two or three trips up the Marañon and Huallaga rivers, ascending the latter as far as the Pongo of Chasuta. When DeMilt reached Nauta, one of the first objects he saw was the "Huallaga" tied up at the bank. At that time it was expected the "Huallaga" would soon descend the Amazon to Para. The Americans at Nauta had accompanied the "Huallaga" and "Tirado" to Nauta,

where the boats were to be turned over to the Peruvian Government. The contractors were now awaiting their acceptance by the authorities, and the payment of the contract prices of the steamers. The Americans had been employed to man the vessels, and were awaiting at Nauta the result of the negotiations. Money in various amounts was due the men, in payment of their services. This the men were now impatiently awaiting.

DeMilt and his companions were eagerly welcomed by the steamboat-men. They were invited to go on board the "Huallaga," and make it their headquarters during their stay in Nauta, which was done. In a day or two a party from the Upper Marañon came to Nauta in their canoes. There were several Americans in the party. Altogether, there were now at Nauta nearly twenty men from the States. DeMilt expected to go down to Para in the "Huallaga," and determined to wait patiently until the time came for her departure.

The little party of Americans was in good health and spirits, and whiled away the time at Nauta in eating, drinking, and making merry.

Chickens, eggs, plantains, bananas, and, in fact, all that the country afforded, was laid at the feet of Los Americanos by the chalos, who were well paid for their provisions and for their labor in collecting them. This was during the last of June, 1854. On the 4th of July a grand celebration was had. A small cannon on board the "Huallaga" fired salutes during the day, and at night a grand ball in honor of the occasion was participated in by everybody in Nauta. Gen. Ortez, commander of the Peruvian frontier, was present in person, with his entire force, thirty or forty native soldiers. The guitars tinkled a merry tune, the castanets rattled, and the aguadiente bottle passed freely from hand to hand. It would not have been a South American ball had it not wound up with a row, and when one of the Americans became involved in a difficulty with a native, it was no more than was expected. When the affair threatened to become general, and the pale faces began to get the upper hand, Ortez's soldiers interfered, and separated the combatants. The whites went down to the river, and getting out their howitzer, loaded it, and threatened to

open fire on the town, and a serious breach of the peace became imminent. Wiser counsel prevailed, however, and a peace was patched up. This broil caused discontent, and the Americans, or some of them, determined to leave Nauta at the earliest opportunity.

General Ortez was the owner of a large canoe, which was sheltered on the beach, and the men made frequent efforts to purchase it, without success. The uncertainty of the time of the "Huallaga's" departure, however, soon got unbearable, and, after remaining in Nauta a month or six weeks, a party was formed determined to descend the river, and that at an early day. The party consisted of about twelve men. Three of DeMilt's original party remained behind; Nelson, who had joined them at Cerro Pasco, Armstrong, and Johnson. DeMilt and Murray; Winship, engineer of the "Huallaga;" Houston, carpenter; Arnold, fireman, and several others were to make the trip, all of them experienced, resolute men.

They had determined to take Ortez's boat, knowing that if they could reach Tabatinga, on the Brazilian frontier, they were safe from re-

capture or harm. But it was necessary to proceed with caution. A night was appointed to victual the boat with supplies from the "Huallaga." The American flag from that vessel was also appropriated, and at early dawn the next morning they pushed off. The cheers of the remaining Americans, who had gathered on the "Huallaga's" decks to see them off, aroused the soldiers, and they rushed to the water in pursuit. But it was too late, for they had no boats. Far out in the river, with their flag flying, and yelling like Turks, the little party of Americans were rapidly floating down stream. The boat never stopped until it reached Tabatinga, two hundred miles distant. The men had, in the meantime, procured proper passports from Ortez, who would probably never have issued them had he known they were plotting to take his boat; and on showing them to the alcade of Tabatinga, and telling their story, they were warmly welcomed. Tabatinga is of no particular importance, and after remaining a day or two to rest, the party shoved off into the Amazon again, to try their fortunes on the River.

The following is a copy of a letter written at Nauta, by DeMilt, to a cousin in New York :—

(Copy.)

NAUTA, ON THE AMAZON RIVER,
SOUTH AMERICA,
July 29th, 1854.

DEAR COUSIN :

It is two months since I have written to you, and I now write you a few lines to let you know how I am and where I am. I am now at a place called Nauta, on the Amazon River, on board a steamer called the "Huallaga" belonging to the Peruvian Government. She was built in New York. Her hands are all Americans. I have been on board of her since the first of the month, after crossing the mountains, and I expect to remain on board till she goes to Para, in Brazil, at the mouth of this river. When she arrives at Para, I will try to get to New York, and see you once more, if I can. . . . I have had very good health since I have been in the country. It is a very warm climate. . . . You must write, and direct your letters to the American

Consul at Para. I have not received a letter from you or any one else for two years. But I must close my letter.

Your affectionate cousin,

ALONZO P. DEMILT.

E. STACY, Esq.,
New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

Down the Amazon—Brief History of the Great River—
Pincon's Voyage in 1500—Gonzalez Pizarro—General
Characteristics and Features—Experiences of the
Party—Bara, near the Rio Negro—The Garatea—
Santarem—Para—Home Again.

THE Amazon River, upon whose mighty tide our party has now entrusted itself, first bore the grandiloquent name, *Santa Maria de la Mer Dolce*—Mary of the Fresh-Water Sea. Pincon, whose voyage was made in the year 1500, affirmed that he had discovered a fresh water sea on the South American coast, and that he had filled his water casks when out of sight of land—and, as he said, at a distance of forty leagues therefrom—dipping up the yellow water for use on the voyage, and not a tree, and not a coast in sight. Wishing to penetrate the secret of this phenomenon, Pincon sailed to-

wards land, where there "were many beautiful and verdant islands, and much people, who received the sailors with a great love, as though they had always known them." Pincon rewarded the simple-hearted savages by taking away twenty or thirty of them as prisoners "on account of not finding any provisions in the place."

The river was first known to the Indians as Parana, the sea, and subsequently as the Maranou, and Rio dos Amazonas, from the fact that female warriors were supposed to dwell on its banks. Gonzales Pizarro, brother of Alonzo, conqueror of Peru, was sent, with 400 Spanish soldiers and 4,000 Indians, to explore the territory east of Quito, where cinnamon trees were supposed to abound. Down the Napa and the Amazon for seven months floated the mailed Spaniards and their naked allies, and terrible were their privations and sufferings ere they reached the Atlantic. Francisco Orillano, in 1541, and Lope d' Aguire, in 1561, travelled upon the Amazon, and left with accounts of their explorations.

Nothing could be further from the purpose

of this book than any attempt at an adequate description of the Amazon river, or of the country through which it flows. Volumes would be necessary for this task, which has yet never been properly attempted or properly carried out. The world knows very little about the Amazon, yet it is not probable that an expedition of the character of the one now descending that stream in a frail dug-out, and often in danger of their lives, would have much leisure for the preparation of statistical or politico-economical information for the benefit of the world at large. The day's supply of monkey meat, and the best way to get out of and keep out of a thousand "tight places" daily, were the problems that most concerned the party in General Ortez's barge.

So far as the general scenery of the river is concerned, I am assured that the long journey to the mouth of the river was sufficiently monotonous, as is travel on all rivers. The Amazon, from Tabatinga to Para, runs nearly parallel to the equator, and almost under it. The Mississippi, which crosses twenty degrees of latitude, from a very cold into a semi-



THE JAGUAR, OR BRAZILIAN TIGER.

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tropical climate, must infinitely excel the Amazon, so far as diversity of appearance is concerned.

The banks, as a rule, are naturally low, as it traverses the vast Morana, or plain, with an unending fringe of thick, impenetrable jungle skirting it on both hands. Occasionally bluffs or hills rise directly out of the river, and the whole river abounds in lakes and islands of the most divers sizes. The Island of Marajo, at the mouth, is as large as the State of New York. The jaguar, tapir, puma, ant-eater, sloth, armadillo, alpaca, and llama, are the principal quadrupeds; crocodiles and innumerable serpents line the route. Half way down the route, a school of crocodiles were seen, which had hemmed a school of fish in a lagoon, and were devouring them at their leisure. This is said to be a favorite mode of the cayman's for feeding. Instances of their upsetting canoes and devouring the occupants, carrying off live bullocks, etc., are numerous.

It was customary to land but once a day, unless when absolutely necessary. This was in the morning, when breakfast was prepared.

Having landed on a sand-bar one morning, and cooked and eaten their breakfast, they were about to embark when they beheld a monster crocodile making directly for them with great rapidity. Deeming discretion the better part of valor, and having no desire to try conclusions with this formidable brute, they jumped into the dug-out and beat a rapid retreat. To their surprise the cayman pursued, and they only succeeded in destroying the monster after firing perhaps a hundred shots. It was conjectured that the crocodile's young were on the sand-bar upon which their camp was made.

Turtle, fish, etc., were very plentiful. A precarious living is made by the natives in extracting oil from turtle eggs, one thousand of which supply a pound of oil. The eggs are placed in a small canoe, a native gets in on top and mashes them thoroughly, when they are exposed to the sun. Rubber trees are plentiful, and the juice, white and milky looking, is extracted in large quantities. Brazil nuts are found in abundance. Near Bara, at the mouth of the Rio Negro, General Ortez's boat was disposed of, and a garatea procured. This was

necessary on account of the increasing size of the river. The garatea is a much larger and more comfortable vessel. Its stern is thatched and protected from the sun and rain. The river, at the point where the garatea was procured, is about four miles wide.

At a town called Bara, not far from the mouth of the Rio Negro, while the party were drifting down at a short distance from the right bank of the river, one of the men sung out that there was a lot of young natives at the foot of a bluff just opposite. DeMilt was in the stern steering, and he at once headed for shore. At the top of the bluff stood a large tree, and something like a grape-vine seemed hanging over the water and waving gently to and fro. Gradually drawing nearer, the men noticed that two paths ran up the face of the bluff, and that what they supposed to be young natives were in fact large monkeys. The supposed vine was also seen to be a gigantic snake, and as near as they could judge, from the coils around the tree, must have been forty feet long. It had hemmed in the monkeys, and by swinging its body to and fro, kept them from ascending.

They could hear the monkeys scream and halloo, as if for assistance. When the boat's crew found out what the trouble was, they put out again, and when last seen the snake was still hanging over the monkeys, ready to devour them.

September 4th, 1854, found the adventurers at Santarem. Here the garatea was sold for \$100, and passage taken for Para on a Brazilian ocean steamer. The distance is about five hundred miles. One of the crew of the steamer was the owner of a sloth, which, when the vessel started, was placed on a forestay. The animal climbed slowly aloft, so slowly that when the vessel arrived at Para, three or four days after, it had still nearly half of the distance to accomplish.

Some of the men were in great need when they arrived at Para. The American Consul declined to aid them, and they were forced to remain. On the disbanding of the party at this place, DeMilt took passage on a homeward bound brig, and arrived in New York, after a safe and pleasant passage of a few weeks. The vessel was loaded with rubber,

Brazil nuts, oranges and bananas, and carried a huge anaconda, larger than the one which DeMilt had killed at the mouth of the Huallaga.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Life at Home—Pleasure and Business—Frazer River Excitement—The Young '49-er Aroused—Third Trip to the Land of Gold *via* the Straits of Magellan—Rio Janeiro—Patagonia and Chili.

DEMILT was twenty-six years of age when he once more set foot in the streets of New York, on his return from South America. Very few men of that age have travelled over as much territory as that traversed by DeMilt in his wanderings. Buffeted about from his infancy, he had crossed the plains, a boy gold-hunter, at the age of nineteen, had made two trips to California, twice crossed the Pacific Ocean. His footsteps had trod the summit of the Andes of South America, and the wilds of Australia; he had followed the Amazon from its source to its mouth—5,000 miles—in a dug-out. DeMilt may have thought that he might now enjoy a respite from the perils of a wandering life, but it was decreed otherwise. A third trip to the land of gold, and return, with a

young comrade, to whose lady love, DeMilt had solemnly sworn to bring him safely back; another trip, after that, to the tropics, with laughable adventures in Granada, and then a final return to the States. But I will not anticipate.

The first few months of DeMilt's stay in New York were spent sightseeing, visiting relatives, recuperating, etc. He also visited an aunt in Bridgeport, Conn., remaining there during the winter. The next spring, returning to the metropolis, DeMilt became connected with a large express company, and was employed by them for a year. At the expiration of this time, DeMilt, through the influence of a cousin—who, at his death, founded the DeMilt Dispensary—procured a responsible position in the employ of the Sixth Avenue Street Car Company, whose superintendent, Mr. Ebbitts, was not long in becoming attached to DeMilt. It was while engaged in this business that DeMilt accidentally met an old acquaintance, a man by the name of Smith, with whom he had parted at Huanaco, when many of the party had turned back to wend their steps to Lima. Smith was a ship carpenter, of Swedish descent,

born in Nova Scotia. He was *en route* to his old home, where he intended to settle up his affairs, return to Lima, and work at his trade. He had fallen in love with a lady of Lima, and intended to marry her on his return. The men were highly delighted at this unexpected meeting, and remained together for some days.

Smith finally departed, and is perhaps in Lima at this day, doing a good business, and surrounded by a houseful of children. DeMilt remained in the Street Car Company until the fall of 1857, when a kinsman of his, doing a large twine business, proposed that DeMilt should sell goods for him. This proposition was accepted by DeMilt, and he pushed the business with good success for about ten months, or until the Fraser River gold excitement attracted his attention. Considerable excitement prevailed even as far distant as New York—amply sufficient to arouse the blood of the young '49-er. A party of four was formed, with DeMilt at its head, to go to California. Opportunities for reaching the promised land were not wanting, and the following placard meeting DeMilt's eye decided him,—

For San Francisco and Frazer River,
DIRECT.

THE CALIFORNIA, NEW YORK, AND EUROPEAN
STEAMSHIP COMPANY

Have purchased the Steamships HERMANN and WASHINGTON, formerly of the Southampton and Bremen Line. These Ships were constructed under government inspection, of the best material (live oak frame) and are, in all respects, well known as the most safe and commodious Steamships out of the port of New York.

THE COMPANY'S
STEAMSHIP "HERMANN"

Captain Edward Cavendy,

WILL POSITIVELY SAIL

ON THE 21st OF AUGUST, Inst,

From Pier No. 36, North River, foot of North Moore
Street, New York,

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The four men were on board the vessel on the day and at the hour appointed. Loaded with wines, liquors, delicacies, etc., provided by kind friends and relatives, they impatiently awaited the departure. The vessel left promptly on time, and they were soon on the Atlantic. Heading southward, Rio Janeiro was the first port touched at, which was reached after a fine passage of twenty-five days. We will not pass over the city and Bay of Rio and their surroundings, perhaps, the finest in the world, without a few words. Here the vessel remained a week, and as the party spent most of the time in sight-seeing in the Brazilian capital, there, with your kind permission, reader, I will follow them.

DeSolis, Magellan, and Martin de Lousee were the first civilized white men to sail through the narrow entrance of the harbor of Rio Janeiro, then known as *Nitheray* (hidden water) by the Indians. It is related that Souza, who entered it in the year 1531, thinking he had discovered the mouth of a gigantic river, named it *Rio de Janeiro*—River of January—from the month in which he made his fancied discovery.



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Hundreds of glowing descriptions have been written of the Bay of Rio. It is enough, in this connection, to say that with the Bay of Naples and the Golden Horn of Constantinople the harbor of Rio de Janeiro is always classed. It is, perhaps, superior to either, or both of them; and to the tourist from the North, who for the first time is brought into contact with the scenery of the tropics, it is the most remarkable for beauty, particularly if he leaves his home in the winter season. Two or three weeks on the rolling Atlantic, with all behind him snow and ice, and then Rio—the transition is complete and perfect.

After seeing the usual sights, and hearing the customary sounds in Rio, in which city our party remained a week, the vessel weighed anchor and stood off to the southward. In about three weeks they drew near the Straits of Magellan, through which the intrepid navigator, whose name they bear, passed when our globe was circumnavigated for the first time. Terribly rough weather was encountered in these latitudes, and weeks were spent in beating up against head winds and contrary currents.

Nothing but the skilful seamanship of the officers and the strength and trimness of the "Hermann" saved them, when at times the winds, waves, and sunken rocks of the channel combined to work their destruction. After entering the Straits, some of the passengers, including DeMilt, visited the Patagonia shore, and ate crabs and mussels with the gigantic natives, who are frequently seven feet high. Here blazed at night the lovely southern cross, where the mysterious clouds were seen. After coaling at Lota, the journey was continued northward to Valparaiso. Scarcely anybody, except it be tempest-tossed mariner, would be willing to allow to this city all that is intended to be conveyed in its romantic name, Vale of Paradise. A range of high hills stretches off in the distance, to the rear of the city of Valparaiso, which is built on terraces at the foot of the hills. Two deep clefts divide the town into three distinct districts, known respectively as the foretop, maintop, and mizzentop. The town is wretched and miserable looking at close quarters, with its low, shabby houses, and narrow streets. The summit of the volcano of

Aconcagua, 23,000 feet above the sea, is seen in the distance. Leaving Valparaiso, the vessel continued on its course to Panama, where Captain Cavendy left the ship, and was succeeded by Captain Patterson. Touching at San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua, and Acapulco, Mexico, the journey to 'Frisco was accomplished, after a trip of nearly one hundred days duration.

CHAPTER XXVII.

San Francisco—Bursting of the Frazer River Bubble—
On to the Neuces—Hard Luck—Footing it Back—
Adventures by the Way—Stockton—The Steamboat
Captain—Operations in 'Frisco—Taking a Comrade
Back to the States—Makes an Acquaintance—Plans
for the Future—Anonymous Love Letters.

The City of San Francisco, on the occasion of DeMilt's arrival there for the third time, was dull and quiet, compared with the "flash" town he had left when bound for Australia. So far as the Frazer River excitement was concerned, it had vanished into thin air. Hatched up by interested parties, mainly steamboat men, the "boom" was as short-lived as it was fraudulent. Long before the "Hermann" had reached San Francisco, and even while at Panama and Acapulco, bad reports were heard concerning the whole of the alleged

discoveries on Frazer River. These reports were fully confirmed on arriving at San Francisco. Like the gold excitement in South America, that of Frazer River soon subsided into its normal place in the long list of humbug and fraud with which the times abounded.

The company of four, which had left New York on the "Hermann," now disbanded. DeMilt and a young sailmaker, named Crolius, of New York, remained together, and as they had ventured to California for gold, they were not going to leave until they had found it, or tried to find it. Providing themselves with picks, pans, shovels, and blankets, and young Crolius trusting implicitly in DeMilt's experience as a '49-er, the two set forth on their travels with stout hearts. From San Francisco they went to Sacramento, and took the road to the Stanislaus diggings, "prospecting" vainly all the time, until they reached Columbia. But it was evident now that the "placer," or surface gold of California, had been exhausted. Hydraulic mining and quartz crushing operations were in progress at Columbia, but this required

extensive means, and an enormous outlay of capital. There was no chance here for the gulch miners of '49.

Besides, the finances of this little party of two, were at a low ebb. They were possessed of several hundred dollars apiece when they landed at San Francisco, but their travels and constant expenses, with no income, had well-nigh exhausted their little store. Seeing that there was no hope at Columbia, and with but little over five dollars apiece to bless themselves with, DeMilt and Crolius determined to take the back track to Stockton, two hundred miles. There was no help for it; they were obliged to foot it. Their effects had been stored at the house of an acquaintance at 'Frisco, and they proposed to encumber themselves with nothing but their pistols and blankets. The men owed a small board bill at the house at which they were living, and they determined to leave their picks, pans, shovels, etc., to liquidate the debt. In order to avoid any delays, however, they left one morning just at break of day, and pushed out rapidly.

By the kindness of the ranchers and miners

along the road, and by dint of selling their pistols, which were fine weapons, DeMilt and Crolius managed to get to Stockton without much difficulty, but with scarcely enough money to get a square meal and a drink on arriving at the end of their long march. They arrived at Stockton, however, one morning bright and early. The San Francisco boat had just arrived, and was loading for the return trip. After refreshing themselves at a restaurant near by, DeMilt, who did all the talking, went to the levee, to see what the chances were to get a passage down the river. After some conversation, in which DeMilt told his story, mentioning the fact that he was a 49-er, and accompanied by a green, inexperienced boy, the captain told him to go to work loading a lighter with wood for the boat. They went to work with a will, and by the time the steamer was ready to leave, their shoulders were raw, and they were fatigued well nigh to death. Crolius was utterly fagged out, but they slept wonderfully that night, and arrived at 'Frisco the next morning. Going to the house where they had stowed their luggage, they borrowed a few dol-

lars from a friend, and dressing and shaving were soon in a presentable condition. They called upon their friend, the captain of the steamboat, in a day or two. He scarcely knew them, but was glad to see them, when they made themselves known, and quite a friendship sprang up between the men.

DeMilt allowed no grass to grow under his feet in his efforts to get hold of some money. And he was eminently successful. Crolius also obtained employment at his trade of sail-making. DeMilt occupied himself in various ways, and eked out his expenses and a little more, until he became connected with a house of ship-chandlers. Here his knowledge of twines, etc., acquired during his stay in New York, was of great service to him. He had sold butter, cranberries, etc., on the streets of 'Frisco, at but little profit, up to this time, but now things began to look better. He had excellent luck in selling twines, for some time, giving great satisfaction to his employers, and making a fair profit himself as broker. Finally, he got hold of a cargo of damaged sun hemp, which had been purchased by the house at an auction.

This was found to be too badly damaged to be made into rope, which was the purpose of the house in buying it, and the services of DeMilt were utilized to dispose of it. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to dispose of the commodity, DeMilt succeeded in finding a market for it, selling it to upholsterers for filling mattresses, etc. The entire cargo was sold in the course of a few weeks, and at a profit to DeMilt of two to three cents a pound. Young Crolius had found employment, as we have said, at sail-making, and was earning good wages. The two adventurers were in funds once more: Crolius was engaged to be married to a young lady in New York, and was anxious to return to her. DeMilt, who had promised the young lady to bring back her lover safely, felt in duty bound to accompany him on the return trip.

Stepping in, on his way home that night, at the ship-chandler's office, DeMilt notified them of his intention of returning to the States on the next steamer. This was bad news for the merchants, and they used their utmost endeavor to dissuade DeMilt from his purpose, but in vain. DeMilt was too valuable a man to be

parted with lightly. They offered him permanent employment at a salary of \$250 per month, but DeMilt had made up his mind, and the next steamer leaving 'Frisco bore DeMilt and his young protege gayly over the waters *en route* to Panama. At the isthmus a young man was discovered who, being out of funds, had worked his way down to Panama as a waiter, and was now endeavoring to get across the isthmus. DeMilt and Crolius felt quite an interest in the youth, who was a brave-hearted fellow, and they managed to secrete him in a railway car, under the seat, by covering him up with blankets, ponchos, and the like, and got him safely over. Although great precautions were taken by ship people to guard against the introduction of stowaways, DeMilt and his companion actually succeeded in smuggling the lad to New York free, on the vessel in which they had engaged passage.

A sharp chap, Charlie F * * * by name, was a passenger with DeMilt on the steamer bound for New York. He also was a returned Californian, a man of wonderful versatility, and of large experience, and it was not many days before

quite an acquaintance was established between them. Charlie, among other accomplishments, was quite an artist, and had some knowledge of the art of photography. He had picked up somewhere the idea that a fortune was to be made in the South American States by taking pictures of people. This idea he communicated to DeMilt, who finally adopted it himself, and before the ship reached New York it was agreed, on both sides, that they were to engage in that business in the State of Granada, which, Charlie thought, offered the most promising field for that line of trade.

Once in New York, no time was lost in putting this idea into practice. DeMilt and Charlie apprenticed themselves to a first-class artist on Broadway, and rapidly posted themselves concerning the business of taking pictures, a business in which DeMilt soon developed a decided knack for "sitting" people. At the end of three months, the men considered themselves sufficiently well versed in the art, and bought chemicals, apparatus, etc., preparatory to the start for Granada.

It was during this apprenticeship to the pho-

tographer, that DeMilt made the conquest of the heart of a beautiful young lady in a most unexpected and romantic manner. Often, when the work of the day was over, DeMilt would drop in upon his friend Crolius—whom, it will be remembered, he brought safely back from California—in accordance with his promise to Crolius' *fiancée*. She was a very beautiful young lady, and they had wedded shortly after Crolius' return, and were living happily together in a large house in Brooklyn. DeMilt had attended the wedding of these young people, was always a welcome guest at their house, and visited them frequently. Crolius had an office in New York, where he transacted business, and it was at this place that DeMilt was in the habit of meeting him in the evenings.

From here the two young men would proceed to Crolius' house, where singing, card-playing, and other amusements were indulged in. DeMilt was always ready to sing a song to the accompaniment of a guitar, crack a joke, or tell a tale. He was welcome on that account—to say nothing of his chivalrous devotion to young Crolius during their hard experiences

in California, and his safe bringing back of young Crolius to his lady love.

One evening, after DeMilt had finished his day's work at the photographic studio, and was about dropping into a *cafe* for supper, before calling on Crolius, the thought occurred to him to step into the Post office, where he expected to receive foreign letters. He was electrified, on inquiring, to find that a pink-tinted, sweet-scented *billet doux*, addressed to him in the delicate but unmistakable chirography of a lady, was awaiting him. Lon DeMilt knew that he had no flirtations on hand at this time, and was at a loss to account for the receipt of the missive, studying the handwriting in vain to get some clue to the fair sender. Putting the note finally into his pocket, without even breaking the seal, he proceeded on his way to the office of his friend. On meeting Crolius, DeMilt thrust his hand into his pocket, produced the missive, told how he had received it, opened it, and ran his eye rapidly down the page.

The note was an anonymous one, but was unmistakably from a lady—very likely from a

young, romantic and beautiful one. It was couched in elegant and modest terms, and told a romantic story, stating, in brief, that the writer, a lady, had been informed concerning the adventurous life of DeMilt, of his travels and struggles in far off lands, of his gallant aid to the young lovers, etc., and concluded by confessing a warm attachment for the hero of so many stirring exploits, and vowed to love him forever, etc.

It was a clear case of Othello and Desdemona over again.

A light laugh ran round at the expense of DeMilt and his inamorata, and little more was thought of it for the time being; but as the letters did not cease with this one, and continued to arrive daily almost, an investigation was had. DeMilt, Crolius and wife tried to unravel the mystery, and succeeded, but not until several weeks had passed. There lived, in the house adjoining that of Crolius, a young lady just out of boarding-school, and between her and young Mrs. Crolius there existed quite an intimacy. Mrs. C. had confided to the young girl the history of

DeMilt's kind treatment of her husband in the land of gold, and had also sketched his adventures from his early years. The young lady was beautiful, accomplished, and of good family, possessed of a romantic disposition, and with a *penchant* for novel flirtations. She had seen DeMilt, and all unknown to him had fallen in love at first sight with the bronzed and good-looking wanderer. It was not until many letters had been received by him, that he found who his fair correspondent was. A pleasant acquaintance resulted, but nothing more. He corresponded with the young lady after leaving New York, and thought of making her his wife, and might have done so, had not subsequent events materially altered his plans.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Off for New Granada—Seven Hundred Kegs of Powder on Board—Arrival at Santa Martha—Baranquilla—Experiences in Photography—DeMilt's Disgust—Boarding a vessel to Return—Passage Back to New York.

AFTER procuring the necessary apparatus and chemicals, DeMilt and Charlie engaged passage on the brig "Winthrop," Beares, master, for Colombia. Their baggage was taken aboard, the anchor weighed, and they were soon out of the harbor. Off Sandy Hook, the men went on deck and lit their cigars, proposing to enjoy a smoke in the cool of the evening. While thus engaged, they were approached by a sailor, who, with a pale face, implored them to be careful of the fire of their cigars, and stated that he had learned, since shipping

on the "Winthrop," that there were seven hundred kegs of gunpowder on the brig. DeMilt and Charlie were greatly alarmed at this information, hurriedly counted the cash in the treasury, and offered it, every cent, to the captain if he would set them and their traps on the nearest shore. The captain laughed at the proposition, which he pronounced impossible, and said there was not the slightest danger, an opinion in which the passengers did not concur. To add to the fears of our friends, as soon as the brig neared the tropics, a series of storms, with terrific thunder and lightning, occurred, and they expected momentarily to be blown skyward in ten thousand fragments. So terribly in earnest were the men to get away from the powder ship, that when they touched at Santa Martha, the first port, they departed at once, paid the duties on their stock, which was very high, and took passage on a small steamer for Baranquilla. Santa Martha is a wretched village, just under the spur of a mountain. The inhabitants traffic some in dye-woods, and eke out a subsistence on fish, yuccas, bananas, and the like. The artists were not sorry to leave

Santa Martha, although Baranquilla, where they intended to prosecute their picture-taking enterprise, was no great improvement upon it. It is situated near the mouth of the Magdalena River, the Mississippi of Colombia.

At Baranquilla, the amateurs unpacked their traps, rigged a sort of gallery, and proclaimed to the world in general, and to the good people of Baranquilla in particular, that they were prepared to take pictures in the best style and in any manner desired. The new establishment thrived. The boys dabbled in chemicals, posed the natives, took very good pictures, and made money. DeMilt worked vigorously at his newly adopted profession, and varied his employment by making love to the daughter of a skipper of the town, a man of some means, who owned a flotilla of the boats of the country. He was a European, who had settled in Colombia, married a young Castillian lady, and accumulated quite a property. His daughter was very pretty. DeMilt was tempted to fall in love with her, and after his work among the chemicals and cameras was done for the day, would call and spend the evening at her house, or,

taking his guitar late at night, would sing her a song under her latticed window.

Charlie F * * * did not do so well. He was not over fond of hard work, but was over fond of the aguadiente and senoras of Baranquilla. He seemed to look upon the whole thing as a large-sized spree, guitar-playing, dancing, and drinking as the principal business, with a little photography thrown in now and then. DeMilt did not approve of that frolic by any means, and as Charlie seemed to get worse instead of better, and the increasing heat of the climate began to make the chemicals act badly, he saw that they were about to be wrecked down there on the coast of the Spanish main, and determined to make a break for New York, and settle down to some legitimate business.

One evening as Charlie was recovering from the effects of a mild debauché, and they were lying in their hammocks, resting after the day's work, DeMilt announced his determination to quit the country. Charlie felt very badly, of course, and implored Lon not to leave him, promising to reform, etc., but to no purpose.

DeMilt, with his partner's consent, took what cash there was in the treasury, leaving the stock and fixtures to Charlie, and made arrangements for an immediate departure. From this time until the hour that DeMilt set foot on the dock in New York, preverse fate seemed to have instituted a series of annoyances, mistakes and aggravations for the especial benefit of our hero. A vessel lay over at Sabanella, some twenty miles distant, which was about to leave immediately for the States. DeMilt paid a native five dollars to cross over to Sabanella, and notify the captain of the vessel that he proposed to take passage with him for New York, and that he, with his baggage, would be over next day. The rascally native pocketed the money, and probably got gloriously drunk upon it, for he never went near the vessel at Sabanella, as DeMilt soon discovered to his sorrow.

Strapping his effects to the back of a burro, and mounted upon another, in true South American style, DeMilt, accompanied by a couple of natives, crossed the neck of land between Baranquilla and Sabanella, and arrived at the last named place just in time to see the

vessel in the distance, tacking to get out of the bay, and then nearly out. Riding hurriedly to the house of the Dutch Consul at Sabanella, whose picture he had taken one day at Baranquilla, DeMilt borrowed his boat, and hiring a crew of natives, pulled out toward the vessel, in the hope of overtaking it before she could make an offing. Just as she was making the last tack DeMilt's boat pulled alongside. He boarded the vessel, a brig, whose first officer hailed from Machias, Me., hoisted up his effects, among which were a monkey and a tropical—a rare bird of South America—and the natives pulled back for the shore. The captain of the brig did not want to take DeMilt after all the trouble, but there was no help for it now, and she steered away for New York. The passage was a fearfully vexatious one. The vessel was short of provisions, was beset with contrary winds, and was beaten back for three days after sighting Sandy Hook, short of food, and with all hands at the pumps.

DeMilt got his monkey, his bird, and his trunks off the vessel at New York, and vowed

that after his trials on this voyage, and his experiences in Colombia, he would start off no more on wild goose chases in outlandish countries, and he kept his word.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Settling down to Work—Business Travels—Breaking out of the War—New Orleans—The Crescent City Guards—Marriage of the Wanderer—Meets an old 49-er—Finds his Sister after a Separation of Twenty-nine Years—Conclusion.

WHEN DeMilt arrived in New York after his hair-brained and unprofitable expedition to New Granada, he made up his mind to settle down to some legitimate occupation, and to roam no more. He was still a young man, comparatively speaking, with his life before him, and already possessed of an enviable record as a business man. He was employed again in the service of his kinsman, the twine dealer, for whom he had worked before going to California for the third time. DeMilt transacted a heavy business, and travelled extensively for some

years, in this line of trade, and opened a branch house in New Orleans.

This business venture promised splendid results, but the breaking out of the war, and demoralization of trade attendant upon that event, placed everything at a standstill. The recruiting of men to swell the armies of the South progressed rapidly, and DeMilt participated in the organization of the Crescent City Guards, one of the first military companies formed in New Orleans, and was elected captain of the company. He resigned his office in the Crescent City Guards, and joined the Confederate Guards, an aristocratic company, composed of bankers, brokers, merchants, and others. Dr. Palmer, an eminent Presbyterian divine of New Orleans, was its chaplain.

DeMilt ran the blockade to New York and back again, in company with a young lady, to whom he had been asked to act as escort, in those dangerous times. Soon after his return he was invited to and attended a *soiree* on Prytania Street, at which he became acquainted with the young lady whom he afterwards made his wife, Miss Clara, daughter of

Judge Lockett. She had just returned from travelling in Europe, under the protection of the Russian Consul, and was a very beautiful young lady. Her mother was the remarkable descendant of a remarkable family, as the following, from a newspaper of Tallahassie, Fla., published just after her death, in 1882, at the house of Col. DeMilt, will show :

“ Amelie Fontenelle Lockett, notice of whose death appeared in last week's *Economist*, was a native of Louisiana, and a direct descendant of a powerful family of the French nobility, a daughter, if we are correctly informed, of the Marquis de Fontenelle—a nobleman of great wealth and character, whose property was contiguous to the city of Marseilles—but who, in all probability, had sought, like many others, either health or increased fortune on the fertile shores of New France.

“ The family was in every respect a remarkable one. A young and adventurous brother of Mrs. Lockett, who left his Louisiana home at the early age of sixteen, to embark in the perilous fur trade of the far West, in his traffic with the red men was deeply smitten with the charms

of a young Indian maiden of rank in the then powerful Omaha tribe. After a romantic wooing, like a great many others, he determined to make her his wife—and the twain were united by Father DeSmet, the courageous missionary and priest, whose name is a household word in most homes west of the Missouri. The issue of that marriage was Logan Fontenelle, successively warrior, hunter, scout and Chief of his powerful tribe. No word of praise need be spoken of Logan Fontenelle to those who have ever heard of the name. A large and thriving city in East Nebraska is his monument and bears his name. Renowned for his courage, and for his kindness and hospitality to the whites in their most critical time in the West, he was admired and loved by all from the Missouri to the Rockies. He was killed in battle about the year '54, on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River—a spot where many pleasant hours have been spent by the writer and a spot which neither he nor any one who has seen it will be likely to forget.

“Mrs. Lockett was a lady of striking appearance, and the merest novice in physiognomy

could not have failed to detect in her countenance the traces of the great strength of character which she possessed to the last. She was a thorough gentlewoman of the old French type, and spoke very little English."

DeMilt invested considerable money in cotton, sugar, and molasses. This property was all destroyed by fire on the capture of New Orleans, by General Butler. After another visit to New York we find him engaged in a wealthy wholesale house, and doing a large business. He subsequently engaged in business for himself in the Creole Capital, and met with Andrew Bradley, with whom he had crossed the plains in '49. They had married sisters unknown to one another—and met after sixteen years as brothers-in-law. In the financial crisis of '67 DeMilt lost heavily, failed in business, and took up again his old trade of broker. It was at this time that DeMilt accidentally met with the name of a firm of paper dealers, in New York, and formed, in quite a remarkable manner, a connection with that house, which has existed to this day.

Soon after entering upon his duties as Southern agent for this house, DeMilt obtained a clue to the whereabouts of his sister, Elizabeth, whom he had not seen for twenty-nine years, and whom he had left, an infant, in charge of old Mother Randall, at the Rabais' shop in Fort Stansberry, Fla. Colonel Jenkins, an ex-Confederate officer, who had been stationed in Florida, became acquainted with DeMilt in New Orleans. In the course of a conversation concerning Florida, DeMilt recounted some of his early adventures in that State, and, of course, spoke of his sister, and his anxiety concerning her fate. Colonel Jenkins gave DeMilt the names of parties residing in Florida, who, he deemed, would be able to furnish some information concerning the lady. DeMilt wrote forthwith, and soon had the great pleasure of receiving a letter from his sister in person. The parties to whom DeMilt had written had placed his letter in her hands. The brother and sister soon met—after a separation of more than a quarter of a century—within a few miles of the locality where they had parted so long ago.

DeMilt's sister died two years after their meet-

ing. She had married, some six or eight years before, William J. Stewart, a descendant of Commodore Stewart, of "Old Ironsides" and revolutionary fame. Her husband died within a year of the time of DeMilt's visit, leaving her a widow with five children. These children, at the death of Mrs. Stewart, were taken by Colonel DeMilt, and four of them are in his charge to-day, the eldest having died.

With this brief record of the ups and downs in the life of our hero, subsequent to his adventures in New Granada, our sketch draws to a close. We take leave of the Wanderer now, at his sunny southern home, within a few hours' journey of the spot where, forty-two years previous, his adventures began, and where this narrative takes him up, an orphan lad, without a friend, and thousands of miles from a relation, at old Port Leon and the Lighthouse of St. Mark's. Though lately stricken with the loss of his wife, and the mother of his children, and with an increasing load of years and cares, his strong

face yet bears the impress of his remarkable life, and his eye still brightens at the recollection of the stirring struggles for life and fortune in the early years of the AMERICAN WANDERER.

FINIS.

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